# THE NOBLE Stranger.

*As it was Acted at the Private House in* Salisbury Court, by her Maiesties Servants.

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The Author, *L. S.*

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Hor. *Lenius irritant animos demissa per aures,*
*Quàm quæ sunt oculis commissa fidelibus*——

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# *The Actors Names.*

King *of* Naples.
Honorio *the Stranger.*
Fabianus *his Friend.*
Philomusus *a Noble Lord.*
Callidus *an envious Lord.*
Moronzo *an ancient Lord, Father to* Clara *and* Marania.
Lord.
Mercutio, *A Poet.*
Plod. } *Two Students of the Law.*
Fledwit. }
Pupillus, *A fooliſh Gentleman.*

*Women.*

Princeſſe.
Marania.
Clara.
Lady.
Flavia, *a Wench.*

# To the Worthy *Knight* Sir *Edmund Williams, &c.*

*SIR,*

THough *Poems* of this Nature have ſuſtain'd ſuch cruell fate, as if the (ſeeming) *Catoes* of the ſtage had judg'd the world, grown to a *Pluriſie* in *Wit*, and no meanes left to *Cure*, ſave onely *wounding*; This *Play*, (I dare not ſay how worthy) was received generally well upon the *Stage*, which begets a *hope*, that having parted with my intereſt in it to the world, it will not fall under *your* Opinion, whom I preſume to Elect as *Iudge*, not *Patron*: The latter being growne, by ſervile imitation to a word of forme deſcends beneath *your* worth: But by the firſt, *your* Candid cenſure has power to curbe that faction,

which

which ſwelling to be *Criticall*, extends (like bubbles) to ſuch Ayrie thinneſſe, that ſeeming all, they loſe themſelves to nothing. As for the name of *Poet*, it is a ſtile I never aimed at, (though afarre off I have admired their ſacred Raptures) and therefore will not be injurious to *your Expectation*, to bribe *your Acceptance* with promiſing *Workes* of a higher *ſtrain* hereafter, this being only the *Iſſue* of ſome vacant houres, which if *you* vouchſafe at like times to ſmile on, there ends the ambition of him, who at becomming diſtance, deſires to be knowne

*Your Honourer,*

Lewis Sharpe.

To

# To his Friend the Author on his Comedy, called the *Noble Stranger*.

*FRiend, from me thou canst not expect a praise,*
*My Muse can give no Cypres nor no Baies:*
*She cannot though she would be vile, expresse*
*One syllable to make thy merits lesse:*
*Nor can she, had she rob'd the fluent store*
*Of* Donns *wise Genius, make thy merits more:*
*No, 'tis thy owne smooth numbers must preferre*
*Thy Stranger to the Globe-like Theatre.*
*But yet perhaps some squint-ey'd sot will look*
*Worse then* Magicians *when they spell the book*
*Of exorcisme, yet doe not feare the danger*
*Of Critick Readers, since thy* Noble Stranger,
*With pleasing strains has smooth'd the rugged Fate*
*Of oft cram'd Theatres, and prov'd fortunate:*
*Smile at their Frownes, for I dare boldly say,*
*Who ere dislikes it cannot mend thy Play.*

Richard Woolfall.

# Prologue.

*BLeſt Fate protect me! what a luſtre's here?*
*How many Starres deck this our little ſpheare?*
*And all predominate, have the influence*
*To blaſt, or cheriſh, puniſh, or diſpence:*
*Your aſpects yet are cleare, then joyn in one,*
*And prove a happy conſtellation.*
*Our Author does beleeve there will not want*
*Some to ſubſcribe the Factious Covenant*
*Of your preſcitian wits, if ſuch there are,*
*Proclaime 'hem Rebells, and bid open warre.*
*'Las Poeſie's become ſo ſhallow now,*
*All knowes to judge, what like, what diſallow.*
*The briske Shops fore-man undertakes with's Ell*
*To ſound the depth of* Aganippas *Well:*
*Weigh out each ſyllable, meaſure each line,*
*And then with as much confidence define*
*Whether falſe or currant, as thoſe who know*
*Diſtinction 'twixt* Phœbean *ſtraines and low.*
*Our Country audience too will crye downe playes;*
*And why, there is not foole enough he ſayes.*
*Gentlemen, y'are grown queaſie too of late,*
*'Tis meere variety does ſatiate.*
*Faith uſe our Author well, breath gentle ayre:*
*Force not his blooming hopes to a deſpaire.*
*'Tis the firſt accent of his tender Muſe,*
*He hopes 'twill pleaſe you; if not, doe not uſe*
*A ſevere Cenſure, for by me he prayes*
*Crowne not with Cypres, though you give no Bayes.*

The

# The Noble Stranger.

## *ACTVS PRIMVS.*

*Senate flouriſh. Enter King of* Naples, *on his head a wreath of Bayes, as from Conqueſt, Honorio, Fabianus, Philomuſus, Callidus, Souldiers and attendants at one ſide of the Stage: Muronzo, Princeſſe, Clara, Marania, &c. at the other.*

*King.*

HOw fares our Princely daughter? how haſt thou
Brook'd the long abſence of our tedious warre,
Wherewith we have in blood drown'd thoſe Rebells
That ſought the downfall of our Peace and State,
And now return'd, crown'd with victorious Laurell?

*Prin.* Moſt royall Father, I have with ſighes and teares,
Numbred the jarring minutes ſince your ſad
Departure, and had ere this been wrapt i'the cold
Embraces of the grave, had not the great Antidote
Of a Fathers bleſſing, given me at
Your departure, beene my Protector from
Death and Fortunes frowne, a renewing of

Which, thus on my knees I crave. *Kneeles.*
*King.* Riſe, thou haſt it:
And may all thoſe joyes that tender mothers
Wiſh their young infants, playing in their armes,
Be multiply'd upon thee.
*Cal.* The King's tranſported.
*Hon.* Has he not cauſe, poſſeſt of ſuch a treaſure;
That did Kings know it, they would pay their Crownes
As tribute to her vertue.
*Cal.* You ſpeak not as a ſtranger of the Court;
But like one had ſpent his time in ſtudy
Of the Courtly Rhetoricke.
*Hon.* No more: ſee the King addreſſes him
This way.
*King.* And now the rugged brow of Warre is
(By that power which protects Kings ſacred perſons,
And their rights) made faire and ſmooth agen,
Looke with a gracious eye on theſe whoſe true
Worth deſerves the ſtile of Noble: theſe
Are they whoſe armes and ſwords have beene
Supporters of our lives and State, ſo as
In honour we muſt needs ſhew ſuch grace
Their valour has deſerv'd.
*Prin.* All that a maid may doe, ty'd by duty
To a Fathers will, freely I performe: *They kiſſe her hand.*
As for the Common Souldiers, let your
Bounty flow in Gold as largies for their
Well ſpent labours.
*Hon.* Excellent Lady.
*King.* *Moronzo* 'tis your charge to give each one
A free reward.
*Mor.* I ſhall my Liege.
Souldiers meet me at the publicke Treaſury.
*Sol.* We ſhall; Heavens crown our King with peace. *Ex. Sold.*
*King.* But for theſe, my Kingdome's all too little,
Eſpecially this Gentleman, being *To Honorio.*
A ſtranger: and as he ſayes a
*Sycilian* borne, but for ſome cauſes

Recorded

Recorded within himselfe, which Ile not urge,
Came to inhabite in our confines, and
When our Quarrell, almost desperate with
The enemy had like to be overthrowne
For want of present aid, this most noble
Deserver of the stile of valour, not
Onely in person, but with a flowing
Measure of Coyne and Servants came unto
Our aide, by which we wonne the day.

*Cal.* The King does largely praise him.

*Fab.* And nobly he deserves it.

*Cal.* We're but foyles to set his lustre off.

*Fab.* Envy no honour the King pleases to conferre
Upon him: for in his noble breast both
Our deservings meet.

*Cal.* Not I Sir.

*Hon.* Great King, how ere you please to shower thus
Your favours on my poore deserts, being
A stranger, and one that came not to your
Aid alone for honour; but incited by heaven,
And justice of the cause, which I was bound
In duty to performe, being a subject,
Though no native, and in that you might
Challenge what was done as duty, not thus
Descend to give me thankes for that which was
Your owne before: For had my starres allotted
Me heire to a Kingdome, this bare
Acknowledgement had beene more than my
Merit could deserve, or state ere recompence.

*Prin.* A Noble gentleman, and seems the throne
Of vertue: something within me is not
Well; I feele a flame about my heart, which
For the present I must suppresse.

*King.* Your modesty (*Honorio*) striving
To cloud that voluntary aid you gave us,
With an impulsive duty, does but
(In me) increase your value and lay a
Stronger ground for a more firme affection.

*Hon.* Look this wayes Sir; 'tis these whose true valour,
And brave atchievements, merits this flowing
Language: for what poore service my ability
Coud performe (though 'twas by Heavens all-guiding
Power) directed to a good event,
Yet came it late: but these, when your enemies
Plumes wav'd with triumphant glory on their
Helmets top, these flew like lightning, shot
From the hand of *Jove*, and blasted those
Rebells in their height of glory: but when
I came, their bravest forces were decay'd,
(Though their number exceeded yours) their
Battalias broken, their Ensignes lost, their
Leaders slaine, and onely a vast confusion
Was their head: there 'twas easie to resist
Where order was not guide.

*King.* I should expresse an ingratitude that
Woud for ever blast the name of King,
If not render these that honour their
Valour has deserv'd: tis true, they fought
Bravely, and every stroak, like deaths fatall
Sithe, hew'd downe their enemies before 'hem:
Yet nere the lesse, we had o'most lost the day,
When you like a second *Mars* brake forth, and
And gave us victory: their helpes most sweet, prevents
The greatest danger.

*Hon.* There's no contending 'gainst your gracious bounty:
Shield me Divinity, what feele I here!

*King.* VVell *Fabianus* and *Callidus*, be neere
In person as affection to us.
And for you *Honorio*, chuse your place:
You have such freedome as becomes your worth.
*Philomusus*, though we have hitherto
Beene silent in your praise; we doe confesse
How much we owe to your free noble spirit:
And though traduc't by such whose contagious
Breath will prove their owne bane: tis enough we
Know thy worth, that thou canst as well

Court *Bellona* in a ſhade of horrour,
As tread a peacefull meaſure in a Pallace.
*Phil.* This Character my Liege ſo farre ſcapes me,
As makes me doubt to whom your intents are
Directed.
*King.* To thee alone *Philomuſus*:
Say Lords, enjoyes not that man a noble Genius,
Who can, and will when warre aſſaults, lend aid
Unto his Soveraigne, and when faire peace
Triumphs in height of glory, fill all his
Court with pleaſure; we have, with no leſſe
Admiration, beheld the worthy
Labours of thy Pen, where every Line
Has captivated fancy, then thoſe thy
Brave atchievements in the field.
*Phil.* VVere I not man, this language were enough
To ſtaine my cheeks with bluſhes.
*Hon* Whats he the King pleaſes ſo much to honour?
*Fab.* One whoſe praiſe is no Hyperbole to his worth.
*King.* Well *Philomuſus*, you muſt ſpurre on your
*Pegaſus* for ſome new invention
To Crowne our peacefull triumph: to morrow
We ſhall expect a Maſque.
*Phil.* The time is ſuddaine, you'll
Not expect it rare.
*King.* No, no: lead on before.
*Flouriſh. Ex. omnes, manet* Philomuſus.
*Phil* To morrow, 'tis ſomewhat ſuddaine,
And ſtartles my invention. *Enter* Mercutio.
*Mercutio?*
*Mer.* My honour'd Lord.
*Phil.* Thou art hap'ly met:
The King has impos'd ſomewhat a ſuddaine
Taske on my weake Muſe, to prepare a Maſque:
Thou art a pretty Poet, and maiſt give me
A hint for the device; I have eſteemed it
One of the defects in Nature to ſcorne
Adviſe from thoſe whoſe worth cou'd yield it.

*Mer.* Faith my Lord, I have ſuch obligation
To your merit, that I ſhou'd count my beſt
Of labours, crown'd in that act ſhoud ſerve you:
Yet withall, ſo much I prize your honour,
I wou'd not have you ( might I preſume to
Counſell ) draw the ſame aire with him who is
But thought a Poet.

*Phil.* The reaſon.

*Mer.* O my Lord, experience produces many:
'Twill take off from the glory of your worth,
Shou'd you in your workes expreſſe a ſoule
Active as Celeſtiall fire, a ſence
Profound as Oracle; ſuch as wou'd dart
Amazement at the world; yet wou'd the
Canker *Envy* feed upon your honour,
And charge you with ſuch imputations
As wou'd tranſport your ſoule but to imagine,
Much leſſe be guilty.

*Phil.* How prethee; with what?

*Mer.* I have, with an inraged ſpirit, heard
The Monſter-multitude traduce you, and ſuch
Men, whoſe very hearts wou'd ſcorne whats not
Heroicke, imputing noble actions as vaine-glorious:
And when their eyes and eares were witneſſe
Of your ſeraphick Contemplations:
Glutted with envy wou'd charge you with
Keeping ſtipendary Muſes: the like
To others, 'cauſe they inherite more by
Nature than learning does beſtow, and whoſe
Chaſte Virgin Muſe, wou'd ſcorne
An adulterate ſtraine.

*Phil.* This all (*Mercutio?*) nay then Ile not doe
Them that courteſie to feare, I ſhou'd
Eſteeme that glory darker than *Chaos*
Cou'd from their ſlight breath admit
Privation: no, no, the curſe of dulneſſe
Purſue 'hem all, I am above their ſpight.

*Mer.*

*Mer.* But pray my Lord, where is that exquisite
Sprightly wit, you formerly were wont
To converse withall, I need not name him,
You know him byth' Character.

*Phil.* Very well *Mercutio*; he has
Throwne away the Laurell, gain'd ith'
Court and City, for a fresher, and one
More free from envy in the field.

*Mer.* His worth deserves it.

*Phil.* No more of this; to the ground of our device;
What thinke you of——— *Whispers.*

*Enter* Pupillus.

*Pup.* This Court is a brave place to live in: oh if I could come to speake, or be acquainted with the Lord *Philomusus*, whom the whole Townes long tongue talkes on for the brave wit; and by miracle prove a wit too; I would paint the great Posts at my Fathers dore, turne Prætor of the City, and keepe open house for all the wits ith' towne; and some of 'hem poore soules have neede on't; for I have heard they are glad oft-times to feede upon stone in a Cathedrall Church--- Those were acute wits by my faith law--- I am within smell of some Gallants——and sight of 'hem too ——— Impudence! O impudence! possesse mee —— I will speake to hem ——— Worshipfull Lords —— I have an eternall ambition, to salute you in the lower part ——

*Phil.* In the name of innocence ———

*Pup.* No sir, in my owne name.

*Mer.* 'Tis all one, I doe applaud your sweet humility, Honourable Sir.

*Pup.* Y'are mistaken: I was never so much honoured before: indeed I meet with some that worships me sometimes, but you may perhaps propheſie, (as the vulgar terme it) in calling me honourable at first sight.

*Mer.* Now by *Parnassus*, he resembles bright *Apollo*.

*Pup.* Who I Sir, that were fine yfaith——But harke you a word in your eare, I would bee loath to bewray my selfe before every one——but that *Apollo* was my owne Uncle.

*Mer.* Now *Phœbus* he was.

*Pup.* I have sed it Sir——He sold Sun-dialls at the signe of the Bay-

Bay-tree: oh he was as fine a man by report, as ever told what's a Clocke.

*Mer.* A youth of *Apollo's* race! 'fore *Iove* you muſt needes be fortunate.

*Pup.* I hope ſo: to tell you the troth, my Father was a Citizen, and a Mercer, and having a larger fortune upon his head than the reſt of his neighbours, met with good pay-maſters, and after his Deceaſe my mother wou'd be ſure, if any man tooke up her commodity, he ſhou'd put in ſecurity, which raiſed her too: but growing old, and finding commings in to be but ſhort, laſt fall kickt up her heeles, and left me all the wealth ſhe had: Now in good faith Sir, having this eſtate, *I* have a great deſire to ride in the high way of preferment.

*Mer.* How meane you ſir?

*Pup.* To be made a Courtier, and a wit—— I have money enough, and would be loath to have either wit or honour but what be paid for.

*Phil.* He ſayes well in that few has.

*Pup.* But I wou'd faine ſpeake with the Lord *Philomuſus*, they ſay he's able to teach wit, and procure Honour too.

*Mer.* Why this is the Lord *Philomuſus*.

*Phil.* Thou didſt ill to diſcover me.

*Pup.* O I beſeech your Lordſhip to pitty my honourable intentions, and the deſire I have to be made a Wit.

*Phil.* He might write *nil ultra*, that perform'd it.

*Pup.* Here's Gold ſir: a ſoveraigne metall for a wit.

*Phil.* I have no need on't, pray keep it ſir: how ſhal's be rid of him? ——— I have it; *Mercutio* doſt heare, thou maiſt want (the Generall diſeaſe of Poets) 'twere juſtice thou didſt purſue this humour both for profit and delight: Ile referre him to you.

*Mer.* If you thinke fit, *I* care not to beſtow ſome idle houres on him.

*Phil.* Doe ſo. ——— Doe you heare Sir, this Gentleman can performe what you deſire better, and with more ſpeed than *I*.

*Pup.* Say you ſo ſir: with all my heart.

*Phil.* Doe: my affaires call me away. Farewell *Mercutio*. *Exit.*

*Mer.* Good day to your Lordſhip.

*Pup.* *I* want onely friends and impudence--- Now if *I* might be

be so happy to find both in you.

*Mer.* You shall Sir.

*Pup.* You shall finde me simply honest.

*Mer.* Of that I make no question: but if you have e're a spare purse of money about you, 'twoud not be cast away, I shall use some in making friends at Court.

*Pup.* Doe they buy friendship here then? you shall have money to pay for't—There Sir. *Gives him money.*

*Mer.* You must have instructions too before you come, how to deport your selfe both in Discourse and manners: my imployments are now somewhat weighty in affaires of State; may I but know your lodging, I shall attend you there at some time more opportune both for your selfe and me.

*Pup.* With all my heart: I have committed my selfe to the Inns of Chancery, for the better grace; but feeding ith' Commons agrees not with my stomacke; so as I have my dyet in a little Alley hard by at a Cooks house, where you may finde me above the eating houres. You may know the shop by a Calves head commonly in't.

*Mer.* I make no question but to finde you there sir.

*Pup.* Very likely Sir; I pray keep your promise. *Exit.*

*Mer.* I shall not faile. *Enter Flavia.* Who's that walkes there so demurely? oh 'tis *Flavia*, the Court Jennet, one that has try'd all constitutions, complexion, and degrees, from the Lord under the Canopy to th' Page ith' Lobby, was once an easie thing waiting woman; that I wou'd fall in love with this Lords begge, and that Revellers backe, till at last su'd, pray'd, and wonne with oathes, wou'd scarce hold breathing, she grew rotten ripe, and fell with every touch (poxe on't, I remember she'd needs trye a Poets straine too) now ith' name of Venery what's she musing on? how to preserve her beauty till the next fall: Ile interrupt her; *Flavia*, how is't wench?

*Fla.* Is what sir.

*Mer.* Is any thing, every thing—What a poxe ail'st? this humour becomes thee scurvily; thou wo't spoyle that little handsomnesse thou hast left. What wouldst thou say wench, if I cou'd helpe thee to a husband, a young husband, a rich husband, one thou mightst Cuckold at his beds-feet, and he not a grain the wiser.

*Fla.* You talke.

*Mer.* Talke? by this hand I ne're came short of doing with thee yet, though I paid for't---Come, out of pitty I owe thee a good turne, and if I can, will do't.

*Fla.* Alas Sir, Ile not marry.

*Mer.* Not marry; why what a devill doest thou meane to doe? live to be abhominable ugly, and scorn'd by th' Foote-boyes, goe to Law with Laundresses, for scratching out thy eyes; trust that little stock of money thou hast gathered to set up a house of Carnality ith' Suburbs, with a publicke Notary; he breaks and runnes away to *Amsterdam*; lives on friend-losse, eye-lesse, toothlesse, and thy Nose not able to endure a jest.

*Fla.* I must confesse you alleage strong reasons---But pish, thou dost but jest. *Marry so.*

*Mer.* Why then farewell, and a pox take thee at first, for 'twill have thee ith' end; so as I have my pieces not with my stomacke; so as I have my lady hard by at a Cooks house, where eating, one that has try'd all comes not amisse: Is't not so? Farewell.

*Fla.* Hah, and but hir'd me?

*Mer.* Why ith' world out about thee: prethee let me go,

*Fla.* Stay, this is but Poeticke rage, a Rapture---Tell me who is it?

*Mer.* If thou't be rul'd by me call thee; 'Tis a Gentleman borne, one borne by inheritance to be a Cuckold; and thy marrying of him will not crosse his fate.

*Fla.* Do you thinke to effect it?

*Mer.* Oh you may worke him like Wax. *Tom Fled-wit*, and *Will Rivall* are this fellowes Students in the Lawes of *Chancery*, they'l doe you any courtesie you know: If they bee not acquainted with him, they shall, Ile meet 'em there to morrow, and propound it.

*Fla.* If it proceed, and take effect, I am all yours.
The Court is risen from supper, I must away.

*Mer.* The Lord *Philenzo* expects Me too: Farewell. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* Princesse *and* Clara.

*Prin.* But did my looks betray so strange a
Conflict in my heart?

*Clar.* Madam they did;
And one but of a dull discerning eye

Might

Might well perceive those sparkling flames, shot like
Comets from your eyes, to speake a stranger fire
Had surpriz'd your heart.

*Prin.* Yet strove I to suppresse 'hem with all the
Rationall powers of my soule, but it
Avail'd not.

*Cla.* Not to be taxt of flattery, I dare
With confidence affirme; if one that's mortall
And compos'd of earth, (as he that's greatest
Is no more, although compacted of
A purer mold) can but deserve a blisse so
Great as is your love: *Honorio* is the man.

*Prin.* But prethee lock up ith' privatst concave
Of thy breast, the passion I have discover'd.

*Cla.* Ile not name it to my selfe, least the aire
Convey it to some others eare.

*Prin.* This shall binde
Me to thy bosome.

*Enter* Honorio *and* Fabiano.

See *Honorio* and his friend.

*Hon.* The Princesse in private conference,
Lets withdraw.

*Fab.* Prethee come forward, enjoy thy wonted freedome.
What Magick spell has charm'd thee into
Dulnesse; come, I gesse the cause: flye not that fire,
For want of which thou hast become a
Frozen Statue.

*Prin.* What starting backe? *Fabiano*, how doe you
Make our presence fearefull to your stranger
Friend, one to whom our Country in part does
It Freedome.

*Fab.* Madam not I.

*Prin.* Tis well and you could perswade me with an
Opinion, that he who has out-fac'd
An Army, should shrinke at a Ladyes
Presence.

*Hon.* Madam, impute it not to feare, but a
Religious awe, that dares not approach
So much Divinity, but with a fixed

Preparation, such as when the holy
Prieſt, bowes at the Altar of incenſed
Deities.

*Prin.* So late a Souldier, and ſo ſoon a Courtier.

*Hon.* Your ſoftnes Madam, would convert what were
Moſt Barbarous to Civill.

*Prin.* You wou'd make a fine Inamorato.

*Hon.* I ſhou'd be proud to be what you create mee---

*Fab.* Lady 'thas ploas'd the Princes to entertaine
Diſcourſe with my beſt friend: will you not
Taxe me of too great preſumption, if I
Lay hold on this occaſion to preſent my ſervice.

*Cla.* Wherefore?

*Fab.* To love and honour you.

*Cla.* For what?

*Fab.* For your beauty, for thoſe faire eyes that have
Transfixt my heart.

*Cla.* Nay, rather hate 'hem; be revenge'd, and wiſh
'Hem blind as *Cupid*.

*Fab.* Wiſh to eclips thoſe heavenly lamps that lend
The world their light.

*Cla.* Your Courtſhip is too light and aytie to
Obtaine beleefe; this language wou'd doe well
To ſuch who love to heare men runne diviſion
On their praiſe: I can heare you as a Courtier,
But your ſpeeches will as ſoone finde death in
My forgetfulneſſe, as they receiv'd a
Superfluous life from your fluent braine.---

*Enter* Moronzo, Callidus, *and* Marania.

Miſchiefe of this prevention; I feare
I have too much ſlighted him.

*Mor.* Sir this Nobleneſſe becomes you, not to
Seeke to ſurprize a Virgins tender heart,
Apt for any impreſſion, before
You had gain'd her parents liking and
Conſent; to which I ſhall the ſooner yield,

Having

Having ſo ſure a ſymptome of your
Reall worth; if all men bore your mind,
We ſhou'd not daily view the frequent ruine
Of prepoſtrous matches.
*Mar.* And ſir reſt confident in me, I nere will
Yield my heart, but where you give my hand.
*Mor.* May thy duty prove to all a faire example.
*Cal.* Sir, I will not urge your haſty anſwer, though
I deſire a ſwift arrivall to my joy.
*Mor.* You ſay well; things of this nature require
Some reſpite to reſolve; we'll chuſe ſome other
Time to furniſh this diſcourſe——There's the
Princeſſe and your ſiſter; give your attendance,
Urgent imployments calls me away.
*Cal.* Your humble ſervant.
*Prin.* Enough, here's Company.
*Cal.* Who are theſe, *Honorio* and *Fabianus?*
My heart ſwells to behold 'hem; 'twere as
Poſſible a Common-wealth ſhou'd ſtand,
When there are two Competitors for th' Crowne,
As I to brooke their glory that eclipſes
Mine: Paid not theſe veines as large
A tribute to that Crimſon flood as theirs?
Honour's as blind as fate, and knowes to
Diſtribute juſtly: but Ile obſcure this paſſion,
Till a juſt revenge does meet me.
Worthy *Honorio*. Noble *Fabianus*.
*Hon.* Both yours to ſerve you.
*Prin.* It growes late, lets to our Chamber.
*Cal.* Lights there for the Princeſſe. *Ex. omnes, man.* Hon.
*Fab.* Stay friend a word, what ſucceſſe? & Fab.
I perceiv'd the Princeſſe view'd you
With an attractive eye.
*Hon.* Didſt marke it, and retaine thy former
Temper; wer't not Planet-ſtrook with thoſe
Starre-like eyes?
*Fab.* There was another, though not in ſo high
A Spheare, by whoſe influence my heart

Receiv'd a flame.

*Hon.* I did obſerve your Complement with *Clara:*
Say, doſt thou affect her?

*Fab.* Deare, as the expectation of my future
Bliſſe.

*Hon.* O friend thou art happy, there is equality
In fortune betwixt yourtwo: but what alas
Remaines for me that am a ſtranger, and
A Subject, one ſhe knowes not whence
Deriv'd; his being onely to paſſe by her with
A ſilent admiration, till my owne flames
Conſume me.

*Fab.* Come, lets recollect the ornaments of
Man, our reaſon, and enjoy the treaſure
Of our friendſhip in a timely Councell,
——————— What fitteſt courſe to ſteere:
Lets to our Chamber, and diſcourſe it there. *Exeunt.*

# *ACTUS SECUNDUS.*

*Enter* Honorio, *and a Boy.*

*Hon.* SEE *Aurora* puts on her Crimſon bluſh,
And with reſplendant raies guilds o're the top
Of yon aſpiring hill: the pearly dew
Hangs on the Roſe buds top, and knowing it
Muſt be anon exhaled, for ſorrow ſhrinkes
It ſelfe into a teare: the early Larke,
With other winged Choriſters of the Morne,
Chanting their Anthems in harmonious aires:
Let thoſe whoſe ſleepes are ſound, and quiet as
The dead of night, riſe and partake thoſe ſweets
This place affords, they are not for me to joy in.

These are the Princesse lodgings,
That her window! Come boy, breath
Out my sorrowes in a mournfull aire.

*Song.*

Boy. *TEll me Jove, should she disdaine,*
*Whether were it greater paine,*
*Silent in thy flames to dye,*
*Or say I love, and she deny.*

*Flames suppresst, doe higher grow,*
*Shou'd she scorne when she does know*
*Thy affection; thou shalt prove*
*A glorious Martyrdome for love.*

*Better to Loves mercy bow,*
*She may burne as well as thou:*
*On then tim'rous heart proceed:*
*For wounds are death that inward bleed.* Exit.

*Enter* Princesse *above.*

*Prin.* What Harmony is that? say who's below?
*Hon.* The admirer of your vertues Madam.
*Prin.* Who, *Honorio?*
*Hon.* The same.
*Prin.* Was it you that sent those pleasant accents to me?
*Hon.* My duty made me strive to be the first
This morning might salute your eare.
*Prin.* I shall find a time for recompence:
'Tis a pleasant walk you tread,
Keep on your path.
*Hon.* Your humble Honourer; oh love be now
Propitious, and flatter not my poore
Credulous heart, with a gentle gale of
Comfort, and suffer't to split against
The Rocks of ruine; no, thy heart I know
Is tender as thy youth, and does relent

To know my ſufferings. *Enter* Fabianus.
My friend, I am too narrow to containe
My joy, thou'rt happily arriv'd to beare
A part; I have ſeene the Princeſſe.
*Fab.* Is her highneſſe ſo early ſtirring?
*Hon.* Yes *Fabianus*, and my heart that now
Felt heavier to me than an *Atlas* load
Shee ha's rarifi'd to ayre.
*Enter* Princeſſe *and* Clara.
*Fab.* See ſhe's deſcended, with her the Miſtris
Of my heart.
*Hon.* Thus have I ſeene the dawning day break from
The Eaſterne hills.
*Prin.* Morrow *Fabianus*.
*Fab.* Your creature Madam: Lady vouchſafe your lip, *To* Clara
With the Exchange of ſome few words in private.
*Prin.* You keep ſtill your conſtant walke *Honorio*:
'Twas a pleaſing ayre you laſt preſented;
Me thought it bare a ſound of Love.
*Hon.* Madam, be pleaſed to give it ſome other
Stile; for me to ſound unto your eare that name
Were a preſumption farre above his, that
Stole the fire from Heaven.
*Prin.* You ſeeme modeſt, to encreaſe your value:
Come I know you are in love, who is't
You ſerve?
*Fab.* Madam, beleeve my tongue was never
Stranger to my heart; at every looke you
Doe create new flames; and like the veſtall
Hearth, which once extinguiſht, nought
Cou'd repleniſh, except like Holy fire
Your eyes does wound my heart, and with a ſmile
You cure againe.
*Cla.* Courtiers are ſo prone, on each ſlight fancy
Of a Ladyes humour, to beleeve themſelves
The onely object of their loves, that we,
Nor know how to give look or ſmile, but ſtraight
With flattering Oratory they lay traines

To blow up our unſpotted honours.

*Fab.* O harbour not a thought ſo wicked of
My love, leſt the entertainment (being
Wrongfully ſuppos'd) ſtaine the immaculate
Purity of your ſoule.

*Cla.* Sir you heare not me accuſe you, but in
An affaire ſo important as is the cauſe
Of love, ſhe that doubts not, ſhall nere attaine
To ſurety.

*Hon.* Pardon, Madam, if with unhallowed breath
I ſound what may prove offenſive to your eare,
Blame not my forward zeale, you being
The Motive.

*Prin.* On then.

*Hon.* I love you Madam.

*Prin.* Ha!

*Hon.* Again I breath my ſoule——I love you Madam.

*Prin.* Twas boldly utter'd, what prompts you to this
Inſolence?

*Hon.* Oh love, I'me blaſted.

*Fab.* The Princeſſe ſeems mov'd.

*Cla.* But a ſtorm, 'twill ſoone be over.

*Prin.* Are you, becauſe a ſtranger, ignorant
Of our Lawes, which makes it death for any man
To move affection to her, who is
Heire to th'Crowne? if ſo, you may plead excuſe:
Elſe know you are guilty of a Crime, will pluck
The Lawes ſeverity on your head.

*Hon.* Can Law or torture fright his ſoule, who is
Every houre extended on the wrack:
No, ſince you deſpiſe me, 'twill adde unto
My future happineſſe, when Love ſhall know
I'me one that dy'd your Martyr, and for my
Body, when entomb'd in earth, a *Cypres* Tree
Shall ſpring up from my grave, under whoſe ſhade
Such mournfull lovers, as are puniſh'd
With diſdaine, ſhall come and pay ſad tribute
Of their teares, which by that charitable

Aire converts; the falling dew into a froſt,
Shall be congeal'd, and raiſe to my ſad
Memory a laſting Monument of
Tranſparent Chriſtall.

*Prin.* Nay cleare your brow, I'me none of thoſe that take
Pleaſure in tormenting Lovers: 'twere a
Sinne the gods themſelves wou'd puniſh, ſhou'd my
Diſdaine raze ſo faire a building; retaine
Your manly freedome, although I know it
Sutes not with my birth to give incouragement
To a Subjects love, yet we're bound to
Cheriſh true worth, though in perſons
Of a meaner ranke.

*Hon.* Oh let me adore the miracle of Nature;
You ſpeak a ſoule more perfect than an Angels.

*Prin.* Ceaſe theſe hyperboles, and reſt aſſured,
As time ſhall increaſe my opinion of
Your worth, I ſhall diſpoſe my heart--
But ſecreſie as you expect my love,
Or your own ſafety--ſo--farewell: Come *Clara*,
My Father expects us at the Temple——

*Cla.* I cannot ſtay ſir; but in that ring receive
Your anſwer.

*Fab.* I accept it as a ſentence of deſpaire or bliſſe:
——— See friend
What happineſſe is here contain'd.

*Hon.* Haſt prevail'd?

*Fab.* Yes, and if thy love proſpers as mine has done,
We'l both ſing hymnes to *Cythereas* Son. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Callidus and Marania.*

*Cal.* Now Lady, your Fathers goodneſſe has left you
To your owne diſpoſe; and I, the admirer
Of your vertues, have free leave to preſent
My beſt affection; then ſave that creature,
Whoſe life depends on you, whoſe every
Power owns not himſelfe, but you:

You

You are that Deity, to whom my heart
Preſents its firſt devotion, and in
A holy flame remains a ſacrifice, till
You pleaſe accept it.

*Mar.* I ſhou'd prove unto my ſelfe unjuſt,
In the neglect of one that nobly loves:
Therefore what affection I may beſtow,
And yet retaine my freedome, I meane
That freedome, by which I may on juſt occaſion
Withdraw my heart; I were ingratefull
Shou'd I not preſent.

*Cal.* May I become the ſcorne of time, and all
Mens hate purſue me, when I prove ſo foule
To give occaſion you call back your love.

*Mar.* Ceaſe theſe haſty proteſtations, and
I aſſure my ſelfe the pureneſſe of your ſoule
Is without ſpot or blemiſh; and while you
So continue, I ſhall boaſt me happy ith'
Glory of ſuch a choiſe.

*Cal.* O let me flye into your boſome, and
On your lip confirme my happineſſe, there
Study ſome new way of number to multiply
My bliſſe ——— the treaſuries of grace and nature,
Were quite exhauſted to accompliſh your
Perfections.

*Mar.* Fie, fie, leave for ſhame.

*Cal.* What?

*Mar.* This ſuperfluous language; I am none
Of thoſe Ladies that are taken with
Poetick Raptures, verſes of their haire,
Flattering Acroſticks, and their names
So diſ-joynted with an Anagram, 'twould
Puzzle ten Magicians to put 'hem together
Againe: I eſteeme not golden language;
'Twas ſeldome beſtow'd on man, but to
Guild a Copper ſoule within him.

*Cal.* Can you be ſo cruell to deeme my
Language feign'd?

*Mar.* Nor am I:
I grant you love and Poesie are divine,
Commonly infus'd together, yet
Ordinarily 'tis ty'd to rules of flattery.
*Cal.* Farre be it from me to speak a language
Shou'd displease your eare.
*Mar.* Well, more Oratory would but bring
The rest into suspition, whether it
Be reall, let it suffice, I love you,
And if all occurrents sute my expectation,
'T shall not be long 'fore *Hymen* seale
The Contract
*Cal.* Heeres the Courts Quotidian,
Shakes all about him.

*Enter* Princesse, *and* Clara; Hon. *and* Fab.
*Prin.* *Marania*, why had we not your attendance
To th' Temple? I gesse the cause.
*Cal.* 'T was my happinesse, with her Fathers leave
To hold a short discourse: I hope it does
Not offend you Madam.
*Prin.* By no means: and if it were of love you
Treated, may you prosper as I wish my owne desires.
*Cal.* You're bounteous Madam.
*Prin.* Noble *Philomusus*, *Enter* Philomusus.
My Fathers Court is happy in one so
Much deserving
*Phil.* You too much honour me.
*Prin.* I wou'd have you *Fabianus* and this
*Noble Stranger* mutually friends,
Your deserts are somuch equall.
*Cal.* I'me left out then:
There may be a time for a revenge.
*Phil.* Lets embrace, and prove the *Trium-viri* of
True friendship, happy in this union:
More happy in that you have
Pleas'd to joyne us.
*Cal.* Me thinks *Honorio* and the Princesse are

In deepe diſcourſe——
Shee ſmiles in his face ———
Darts amorous glances---if ſhe ſhou'd affect
Him now; I'de wiſh no deeper Precipice
To his ruine.

*Phil.* Madam, the Maſquers within are ready.

*Prin.* Then lets away. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter* Mercutio, Plod, *and* Fled-wit.

*Fled.* My ſublime Mercurian! by all the Codexes of the Law, thou art the *Primum mobile* of Fancy: If this gull continue but his ſtate of innocence, we ſhall have Dinners, Sack, and wenches in the Seraglios *gratis*.

*Plod.* Nay, and we can marry him to *Flavia*, weele drink, dance, and revell with his wife till midnight, and make him carry the Lanthorne.

*Mer.* D'ee heare then, be adviſ'd by me, you two ſhall ſeeme with ſlight arguments to diſſwade him from the Court, 'twill worke him more into the opinion of your friendſhip: then when I preſent the match, be you ſure to give fire, and wee ſhall blow him up I warrant you Lads.

*Fled.* Oracle! as I live Oracle: O I cou'd hugge thee for this, my joviall Juvinell.

*Mer.* Then be you ſure, when I name the party, to ſeeme to extoll her vertue, beauty, riches, and ſo forth. And ſweare you know her all over to a hair—— which you may both with a ſafe Conſcience doe.

*Plod.* Nay, for matter of Knowledge, one oath wou'd ſerve us, and forty more. *Enter* Pupillus.

*Mer.* See he comes, 'fore *Iove*, feeling for money already —— Walke off a little --

*Pup.* Right worthy Sir, may theſe ten Angells guard you: Oh Celeſtiall pocket.

*Mer.* Noble and right generous ſir, I doe receive 'hem with as much zeale as a Puritan wou'd cheat his father.

*Pup.* And when, and when ſhall I be indoctrinated, as they ſay, in theſe rules of wit and Courtſhip?

*Mer.* Why when you will.

*Plod.* Maſter *Pupillus*?

*Pup.* Whoop ſir, are you here? who! and you too? and acquainted with this Gentleman? *Fled.* All of a Meſſe.

*Plod.* But hark you ſir, one word with you: wil you leave the laudible, credible, profitable practice of the Law, to ſtudy wit and Courtſhip?

*Pup.* Yes indeed will I: Doe you thinke I will bee troubled with your Burgage, Sockage, and *Feodum ſimplex*; your French and Latine, more barbarous than beggers Canting: and for a *Littleton*, 'tis more hatefull to me than a Prayer Booke.

*Plod.* Troth Maſter *Fled-wit* I know not what to ſay, but *bona fide*, he is one *non compos mentis*.

*Fled.* In-law I am of your opinion.

*Mer.* So am not I, I commend him for't. Wou'd you have him ſit wearing out his Buttons, 'gainſt his Inke-beſquirted Desk, reading of circumciſed Latine in Characters, more antique than Ægyptian Hieroglyphicks, tranſcribing preſidents out of old ſheepskins recorded in *Anno Sexcenteſimo quarto*, till his head and Braines be as drye and hollow as his pumice-ſtone.

*Pup.* No, no, they ſhall ne're bring me to it: what though my Father was a Citizen, and a Mercer, yet my mother was a gentlewoman borne, and who knowes but ſhee might have a friend at Court like other Citizens wives, to bring their husbands cuſtome, and them trading: if ſo, there may be good reaſon, why I have this Courtly itch upon me: Beſides, I'me not the firſt whoſe Father has meaſured Ladies commodities by th'yard; and yet becomes a Coach and ſixe horſes as well as the beſt o'm.

*Plod.* So farre *concordat cum recordo*, (as a man may ſay) and perhaps his Father being a landed man, ſome Courtier was Tenant in Taile with his Mother.

*Fled.* Very likely: but faith Maſter *Pupillus*, I cou'd wiſh you wou'd not leave us.

*Pup.* I tell you I wou'd not be troubled with your Conjuring termes of Law, for the profit you get in ten *Michaelmas* tearms, when your Gownes and Conſciences are ſoyld and dabled alike.

*Plod.* Believe it ſir, were you not our friend, we wou'd not brook this *Scandalum Magnatum*. *Pup.* Nay be not angry.

*Fled.* Not we ſir; becauſe we know every man was not borne

with

with wit enough to be a Lawyer, but for a gallant of theſe times, the leſſe he has the more in faſhion. But what will you doe at Court? 'tis not your five hundred a yeare will maintaine your Masques, Playes, Revells, Races, Tennis, Cards, and In, and In with the Ladies, beſides your leaſh of wer ches at livery, and when all's brought to a devaſtation, what then?

*Pup.* Tis but trading with ſome Merchants wife when her huſband's gone to Sea, to trafficke for Unicornes horne, and I ſhall never want money to bear me ſtanding: 'tis common amongſt your broken Cavalleers.

*Mer.* He ſayes right, there was one Maſter *Had-land*, a decayed Gallant, that had ſpent all his meanes in thoſe wayes you have nam'd, and having nothing left, but the remembrance of his former glory, ſtrook in with one Miſtris *Sweet-lips* a Com-fit makers wife, and ſhe maintaines him now as bravely as any gallant that weares his ſword ith' defence of his back-ſide.

*Plod.* This was ſtrange.

*Pup.* Phew —— talke of want and be a wit —— I'me aſham'd on you.

*Mer.* Nay, doe but view this gentlemans Phyſiognomie, does not he looke like one that would be fortunate, or croſſe the Proverbe? does not this beard grow in forme of a Senators? Perhaps you'l ſay he has not that accompliſht wit, learning, or other deſerving parts. Why tis ten to one he is the ſooner preferred; no matter for deſert, that riſes leiſurely and by degrees, honour preferres head-long thoſe that have not too much wit to hinder it: Why I have knowne a gentleman turne away his man, becauſe hee had more wit than himſelfe. Then to ſee what waies there are by marriage: a Lady of my acquaintance caſt away foure or five thouſand pound upon a paire of Capering Legges, and a Head of Haire.

*Pup.* Why I have a head of haire, and my owne too could caper for a need: Oh that I cou'd thruſt my ſelfe into a Lady of ſuch a Fortune.

*Mer.* I can aſſure you ſir, there are ſtranger fortunes fall upon ſome mens heads.

*Pup.* Pray don't you thinke, I have a head able to bear as large a Fortune as another man?

*Mer.*

*Mer.* A brow for the purpoſe: I can tell you ſir, there is a Lady I cou'd name, a handſome Lady, has ſomewhat more than every one knowes on ———
You know her Gentlemen — in ſome part.

*Fled.* O ſhee has an eſtate of twenty Aldermen, beſides Frank-tenement Copy-hold, and Tenure in Taile in aboundance.

*Mer.* She's of ſo gentle a nature too, and ſo drawing.

*Pup.* O delicate.

*Plod.* I proteſt Sir, if you can but get to bee acquainted with her, you may write your ſelfe the happieſt man alive.

*Pup.* When may I ſee her? I long to be at her.

*Mer.* Even when you will.

*Pup.* But what ſhall I doe; I want hard words to Court her.

*Me.* How let me ſee — 'tis no matter, Ile tell you,
You have read *Littleton*, and the termes of Law.

*Pup.* I ne're read any thing elſe.

*Mer.* Then you ſhall Court this Lady ith' Lawyers Dialect, tis new; and cannot but be gratefull.

*Pup.* I doe not care for this *Littleton*, and the termes of Law; but if I come to't once, have at her.

*Mer.* Firſt lets to the Taverne and drinke Sack,
To whet our wits.

*Pup.* Content, a match.

*Mer.* Come Noble Academians, luſty Wine
Shall make's immortall, there's our Magazine. *Exeunt omn.*

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ACTUS

# ACTUS TERTIUS.

*Enter* Callidus.

*Cal:* MAn, in perfection of his primitive pureneſſe,
Was by the gods created juſt and free:
But forfeiting the Charter of thoſe brave
Immunities heavens bounty had conferr'd
Upon him, in juſt revenge of his too
Wilfull errour, ſeverall paſſions ſtraight
Sprung up to force him hold a conflict
In his ſoule; th'effects of which innated
Frailty make me prone, *Honorio*, there;
I there's the Kingdomes generall Earth-quake:
No honours, titles, favours, but are confer'd
On him, when every act of mine might claime
A Pyramide; and in honour to brook arrivall
Wou'd force antipathy in what were perfect
Union: what wou'd not Juſtice in ſuch a
Cauſe permit? 'twou'd make man conſcious of,
And act that otherwiſe might blemiſh his
Creation to performe: I have perceiv'd ſome
Signes of love betwixt *Honorio* and the
Princeſſe; if I can prove it true, it will
Be no baſe revenge to tell the King, ſince
Cuſtome and the Kingdoms Law ſtiles ſuch
Preſumption treaſon; I am reſolv'd, I over-
Heard them in the preſence appoynt to walke
Here in the garden: now in yon thicket
Ile ſtay, to heare what language paſſes
Betwixt 'hem: if't be of love, as I doe
Preſuppoſe, my juſt revenge proves duty
To my King: I heare 'hem comming, I muſt obſcure

*Exit behind the Arras.*



*Enter*

*Enter* Honorio *and the Princesse.*

*Hon.* You're a Lady in whom consist all that
Heaven has rais'd to a perfection:
I am too poore to enjoy so great a treasure,
And shall be ever, till I grow immortall:
Which alone rests in your power to make me:
Tis not your birth or fortune that I court,
Heaven's witnesse with me; for had you bin an
Humble shepherdesse, and I a Monarch,
This love had beene, 'cause 'twas decreed by Fate
When I first saw you, me thought my soule was
Forc'd to obey a traunce, and as a vision
My amazed sight beheld you, the
Revolution of those Starre-like eyes deserves
A new Astronomy to contemplate.

*Cal.* It sutes my wish, doe doe, bite on, and
Swallow thine owne Confusion.

*Prin. Honorio*, I have heard you, and as
A lover allow of this discourse: but do
Not too soone betray your selfe to misery:
Alas ther's danger in affecting me.

*Hon.* Tis not that thing cald danger can affright
My soule, were you round inclos'd with
Rocks of Marble, whose lofty tops should know
No distance 'twixt the skies and them;
I wou'd with winged speed scale those
Aspiring walls, and in despight of all that
Durst detaine you, beare you in my armes
Beyond the reach of danger.

*Cal.* So insolent! there may be wayes to curb you.

*Prin.* This does expresse your will, not power, to
Attaine our safety, if you proceed: faith
Therefore leave to love me, 'twill prove
But the ruine of a worthy man, if e're
It come to light—my poore heart is forc't
To plead against it selfe——

*Hon.*

*Hon.* Who ſhou'd reveale it?
*Cal.* He does not think an eccho is ſo neare.
*Hon.* Ther's none beſides our ſelves that know it, and *Fabianus* in whom I durſt repoſe my life.
*Prin.* Stay, who's this?

*Enter* Fabianus.

*Hon.* None but my friend.
*Fab.* Madam, pardon my ſuddaine rudeneſſe; 'tis
My love to him, and duty towards you,
That prompts me to it; the King, with
Reſt oth' Lords, are making this way, which
Haſtned me hither, where I ſuppos'd you were,
To give you notice to breake off diſcourſe,
And haſt away.
*Prin.* Thy tru: friendſhip deſerves a Noble
Recompence: our next meeting ſhall be
This evening in the private Garden:
*Hon.* I ſhall not faile: lets haſte away. *Exeunt.*

*Enter* King, Philomuſus, Callidus, Moronzo, *&c.*

*King.* By the faith I owe to Honour, *Philomuſus*,
The Maſque was well perform'd upon ſo ſhort
A warning——where's *Honorio*, our but
Divided ſelfe, partner in heart and
Kingdome.

*Enter* Honorio *and* Fabianus.

*Cal.* He's here my Liege.
*King. Honorio, Fabianus, Philomuſus*, three Jems
Make up the poynt verticall in my Laurell.
*Cal.* I ſerve for nothing: then oh my heart.
*Hon.* You ſo much honour us, you make our plenty
Poore; rich onely in the amazement of
Your bounty.
*Phil.* My Liege, not preſuming on my owne
Deſerts, but your free Juſtice to revenge
The wrong'd, I'me bold to preferre a ſute.
*King.* Thou canſt aske but what will prove

Our honour to bestow.

*Phil.* Nay, my Liege, I have no Monopoly
On foot, to draw on my head the curse
Of crying misery.

*King.* I'me confident.

*Phil.* Then thus my Liege, the late grudge betwixt
The ancient King of *Portingall*, and your selfe,
Sprung from the disappoyntment of the
Match, betweene your sister ( now Dutches
Of *Pavia* ) and him, by reason of her youth
And beauty, not fit for cold embraces:
And having made you his proclaimed
Enemy (though in your goodnesse you have
Never sought to disturbe the quiet of
His peace ) yet by this meanes many of your
Painfull loyall Subjects have sustain'd
Great losses on the Seas, by divers ships
Belonging to the King of *Portingall*;
Amongst which, certaine Merchants, almost
Ruin'd in their estate and fortunes, this
Morning desir'd me to move your Majesty
To grant 'hem Letters of Mart, for taking,
In recompence of their losses, such ships
Of the adverse party, as their labours and
Good successe, may make them owners of.

*King.* The Motion's just and noble, and for thy love
To th' right of innocence, we here create
Thee Secretary of State, draw what thou think'st
Is fit, our royall Hand and Signet shall
Confirme it: and because *Honorio*, and *Fabianus*
Shall grow in honour, as in friendship with you,
*Honorio* we make our Lord high Martiall;
*Fabianus* publicke Treasurer.

*Cal.* And me not spoken of: I laugh to think
How soone their glory will be Eclips'd.

*Hon.* Onely the contemplation of your bounty
Must prove our gratitude.

*King.* Enough—Lead on. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter*

*Enter* Mercutio *and* Flavia.

*Fla.* Was he so taken, and eager at the report?

*Mer.* As an Usurer of a Prodigall at one and twenty; All fire; if thy practis'd iniquity will but suffer thee to dissemble modesty, thou art as sure of him as the Devill of a Catchpole.

*Fla.* You a wit, and question a womans dissimulation, there's ne're a head ith' City so hard but knowes it by experience.

*Mer.* Goe to then; doe not you seeme too suddainly won, but hold off with an attractive distance: 'twill make his blood runne hot and higher.

*Fla.* Goe teach a common Gamster to cheat, a Puritane to lye, or a Scrivener to keepe his oathes, I need not your learned Maximes.

*Mer.* But harke you, harke you, a word by th' way: if after all my paines, care, and counsell, you shou'd, like an old Hospitall, forget your founder; play the Gypsie and turne honest forsooth, or thrifty, it shou'd be the last charitable act I'de doe for the whole Sexe on you.

*Fla.* Condemne me never to know man more if I doe.

*Mer.* Goe thy wayes, 'tis a strong oath, and I beleeve thee—I have left *Pupillus*, with his two legall associates, following in a young Practizers pace to th' Hall, justling the Country Clyents Block-heads together, till their braines bee as light as the cause some of hem goes to Law for—Body o' me wench I heare 'hem comming—On with your vizard of vertue now, and dissemble me like a holy sister of the loving Family.

*Enter* Pupillus, Plod, *and* Fled-wit.

*Plod.* See sir, there is the Lady.

*Pup.* O admirable blacke beauty.

*Fled.* And your noble friend pleading for you.

*Mer.* Madam, here is the gentleman I so much Commended; and though I say it before his face, He is one of a noble disposition, birth, and fortune.

*Pup.* He sayes very true Lady.

*Fled.* Beauteous Madam, pray honour me to kisse your hand.

*Plod.* Though last in Ceremony, I shou'd be proud To be the first might serve you.

*Pup.*

*Pup.* Poxe on't, what a block-head was I, I cou'd not say so my selfe—O 'tis a melting Creature.

*Fled.* So sir, we have made the way for you, enter now.

*Pup.* I, I, I cou'd enter, and runne through her too: But what to say when I come at her, I know not—
But I will speak to her, and because she shall
Not say I speak without book, this learned
*Littleton* shall be my prompter—
Bright, bright Moon-shine of beauty.

*Fled.* And why not as well Sun-shine?

*Pup.* Oh I should come too hot upon her.
——— *Moderata Misericordia*, Lady.
Love like a little theefe has committed Burglary
On my heart, raifd the towne of my Senses,
And forces me with hue and cry to your Ladiship.

*Fla.* Alas I have compassion on your flames.

*Pup.* Oh madam, madam, the best part about me's burne.

*Fla.* How!

*Pup.* My heart I meane, and since my eares were
Long enough to reach the report of your beauty,
I have still desir'd—*Licentiam interloquendi*
With your Ladyship.

*Mer.* I marry sir, this is somewhat.

*Pup.* Oh, when I am once in I can tickle her yfaith.
You shall heare me rime too,
This Yeare in which love did my heart into his—
Balliwicke bring: Is just by computation
*Tricesimo* of the King.

*Fled.* Excellent!

*Fla* Beleeve it sir, youle put me downe.

*Pup.* Tis my desire Lady.

*Fla.* You speake in so quaint a Dialect, I understand you not.

*Pup.* Hist friend, what does she meane by Dialect?

*Mer.* A delicate way of speaking.

*Pup.* Oh, oh, I beseech you Madam let me be a remitter in
Your Grace.—I have chose an action to content you
Besides land of all the Tenures in *Littleton*: as
Burgage, Sockage, Escuage, Vilienage and Capite,

*Cum*

*Takes out a booke and holds it in his hand, and looks on it at the breaches.*

*Cum multis aliis quæ nunc præscribere longum est,*

*Mer.* Why Mr. *Pupillus*, I never knew you were a Scholler before.

*Pup.* Faith no great Scholler neither, 'twas all the fruit of ten yeares going to Schoole.

*Mer.* Marry enough to make a Divine in some Countries, Where degrees of Schoole are vendable.

*Pup.* Why sir, my father was told by a cunning woman, that I should never learne beyond, *As in præsenti*, and so I never strove to go further.

*Mer.* Then the Asse: 'twas well.

*Pup.* Madam, my heart does make continuall claime to your love, and hopes we shall be joyntenants in affection.

*Fla.* Sir, you might call my modesty in question, To yield my heart at first to one I never saw before.

*Pup.* Woud you chuse a man by th'fore part Lady?

*Fla.* You wound my intention, sir.

*Pup.* And you wound my heart: There's thrust for thrust. But if your coynesse shoud make me prove *Felon de se*, and kil my selfe, you woud be sorry.

*Fla.* I shoud —— but pray sir excuse me, at this time To hold longer discourse with you, some serious Affaires urges my departure—farwell noble Sir.

*Pup.* But one kisse first, and all this gold to buy you Taffata for blacke patches.

*Fla.* Ile not refuse, least you might thinke I scorne, —— good day to all.

*Mer.* Your servants Lady —— we'le come and share.

*Fla.* Do so. *Exit Flavia.*

*Mer.* *Iack*, *Tom*, a word ——

*Pup.* Oh love! love! that makes a man a Skelleton: Let her in part feele the pricke, as well as I, Of thy inflaming Dart.

*Mer.* What thinke you on't?

*Plod.* Beyond thought! Most excellent!

*Mer.* How ist Sir? beare up.

*Pup.*

*Pup.* I, I, but oh this Lady, this Lady—

*Mer.* Troth Gentlemen this Lady is not so ta ken with him as we thought, and expected; what think you if—b ut I wou'd bee loath to speak except I thought he wou'd do't.

*Pup.* Oh any thing gentlemen, any thing—

*Mer.* Why then what think you if he were inspired?

*Pup.* How! inspired? that's very fine.

*Mer.* But you know the wayes, and Ceremonies, are Very chargeable.

*Fled.* O infinite!

*Pup.* I care not what it cost, let it be done.

*Mer.* Then it shall sir; come, as we goe we will Discourse of it at large, and to morrow It shall be perform'd.

*Pup.* Shall I be inspir'd? oh fortunate acquaintance. *Ex. omn.*

*Enter* King *and* Callidus.

*King.* Thy life the forfeit if it prove untrue.

*Cal.* I wish my losse of breath might prove it false: But 'tis a truth as reall, as is the Justice of the gods severe: and I may Safely say, I live preserver of my Countries fame.

*King.* O yee gods, why were Kings made the emblemes Of your power, when like poore slaves, we're Subject to the change of various and Inconstant Fortune; have you snatcht up Goodnesse from the earth, and left nought to Inhabit in the breasts of men, but vile Dissimulation, poyson to friendship. And the staine to honour; in whom Shall meaner men dare ever to confide, When Kings themselves rest ignorant Where to trust.

*Cal.* Nay, that treachery shou'd inhabit there Where all men thought Vertue had rais'd her Mansion.

*King.*

*King.* True; I did beleeve *Honorio* to be
A man that ſooner would have yielded up
His heart a prey to Vultures, than to a
Thought diſloyall.

*Cal.* My Liege, I can informe
You more: *Fabianus* is their agent,
In this loves affaire: and at that time
When your Majeſty miſs'd *Honorio*,
He came and gave him private notice to
Prevent diſcovery: this I both ſaw and heard.

*King.* He falſe too? Hells furies take
And confound 'hem all. Will not the whole
World, when they ſhall heare my daughter
Stoops to a baſe affection, laugh, and ſcorne
My vile degenerate iſſue?

*Cal.* This rage ſeems Kingly, in you cheriſh it my Liege.

*King.* They all ſhall periſh if thou prove this true:
But if falſe, and that of ſpight thou haſt
Rais'd this vile aſperſion, expect a death
So horrid, hell ſhall ſtartle but to heare it nam'd.

*Cal.* And 'twere my juſt deſert, if I ſhou'd live the
Staine of innocence: No my gracious
Liege, if on your Royall word you'll promiſe
Not diſcover 'twas I that gave you notice,
Cauſe 'tmay be a Barre betwixt my love
*Marania*, and me, whoſe ſiſter I have
Heard affects *Fabianus*, I ſhall diſcover
The time and place when and where they meet,
Then ſhall your eye and eare be witneſſe of my truth.

*King.* Upon the honour of a King, I le not diſcloſe
A ſyllable to wrong thee.

*Cal.* Then my Liege, this preſent evening
They have appoynted meeting in the garden:
I beleeve they are neare there already:
I ſhall attend your perſon to the place;
But then I hope youle graciouſly excuſe
My abſence; I le wait within your call.

*King.* Come lets away. *Exit.*

*Enter* Honorio *and* Fabianus *at one doore*, Princesse *and* Clara *at the other.*

*Prin.* 'Twas here I did appoynt him come: to which
He promised.

*Cla.* Madam see, he has already made a strict
Performance.

*Prin. Honorio* you're punctuall in your word.

*Hon.* Madam, I esteeme a promise made to you
As a Religious vow taken before the Altar
Of the gods.

*Fab.* 'Twas no appointment 'twixt us two, but I
Suppos'd you were in person, as in love and duty,
Neer the Princesse.

*Clar.* You were not certain then.

*Fab.* No, but as the needle of a Dyall
Toucht by the Adamant, though with trembling
It move to and fro, yet fixes not,
Till it attaine the North: so though I move,
And walke, yet by a sympathy in love,
Can never rest till I arrive your presence.

*Hon.* Pardon Lady my still labouring heart,
That like a Pinnace, tos'd on the curl'd waves
Of *Neptunes* watry Empire, at such time,
When with his frowne he threatens destruction
To despairing Sea-men, wou'd gladly arrive
Some happy Haven where to rest secure.

*Prin.* As how?

*Hon.* To finish up the summe of all my earthly
Happinesse i'th promise of your love.

*Prin.* Were that the height of your conceived bliss?

*Hon.* Yes, and no: heaven,

*Prin.* I have heard that affection which can know
A fulnesse to its height, is never permanent:
" For loves noone is instant night.

*Hon.* Yet a still growing desire to attaine that
Height argues a more firme affection.

*King.*

*King and* Callidus *behind the Arras.*

*Cal.* There they are my Liege:
Obſcure your perſon, and grant me your Royall
Licence to depart.

*King.* You have it: away.

*Prin.* Suppoſe I ſhou'd give promiſe of my love,
By your owne argument you then were at
Your height, ſo muſt decline: Come I will not
Promiſe.

*King.* I like that well.

*Prin.* Becauſe I'de keep your love ſtill growing.

*King.* 'Tis too true: oh impudence unheard of.

*Hon.* Love's a child, and fondly deſires firſt one
Thing, then another; and thinks no happineſſe
Beyond what he craves; ſo I deſire firſt
A promiſe of your love, which if you pleaſe
To grant, my fondling heart will ſtill aſpire.

*King.* My life and kingdoms next: oh villanous Traitor!

*Prin.* Excuſe my modeſty if I then beſtow
This ſlight favour firſt to play withall, a kiſſe.

*King.* I am no longer able to containe——
Out Traytors.

*Prin.* Alas 'tis we that are betray'd.

*King.* No; but by the gods deliver'd up to my juſt rage.

*Cla.* We're all undone for ever!

*Fab.* Though he be the King, whoſe ſacred name
I bow to, he ſhall not dare to wrong you.

*Hon.* Shou'd the gods themſelves come wrapt
In terrour, I wou'd thus oppoſe them *both draws.*

*King.* You were beſt commit an out-rage,
Where's our guard? Treaſon.

*Enter* Callidus, *drawes.*

*Cal.* My gracious Liege, what
Villanous hand is that which is not blaſted,
If lift a weapon 'gainſt the ſacred
Majeſty of a King——oh miſery! is it you
Attempt this traitorous act?

*Fab.* We ſpit that name like poyſon in their face,

That dare accuse us: no, let him but gage
His royall word, not to execute his rage
On these; we'll lay our lives and weapons
At his feet.

*Hon.* If not, we vow to dye their Champions.

*King.* Insolent Rebells.

*Cal.* Ile move the King for you—Sir I beseech
You not to discharge your wrath against these
Harmlesse Ladies.

*Prin.* Move not for us alone, for heaven sake
Let him sacrifice us all together.

*Cal.* Good Sir smooth your brow, they'l not yield,
Except you promise not to wrong the Ladyes.

*Kin.* Think not treacherous villains, we promise
Not to hurt, 'cause we stand in feare of you:
We cou'd have come with armed men, that soone
Shou'd have chastis'd your bold usurping spirits,
But that I'sham'd the aire shou'd know the
Foulnesse of the deed, my blood beares such an
Interest in it—upon mine honour Ile not touch 'hem.

*Fab.* Then to shew how much we scorne the name
Of Traitor: here on our bended knees we
Yield our weapons. *Deliver their Swords.*

*King.* What betwixt the tender Motions of a father,
And their approved valour which we ought
To cherish, even in our enemies, I feele
My plyant heart yield to a calme discourse.
Stand up—
Tell me *Honorio*, sham'st thou not, that
Goodly wreath of Bayes, thy deserts
Did challenge to adorne thy brow, which seem'd
More fresh and faire, then were the twining
Limbes of the *Pienean* Daphne shou'd now
Decay and wither: did'st thou, a stranger,
Aide me 'gainst the Rebels of my State,
And plac't in my bosome prove thy selfe
A Traytor?

*Hon.* Great sir, but heare me speak;

If it be treaſon for a halfe-pin'd wretch,
When he attempteth food: if it be
Treaſon for that man who ſpends his life in
A vale of Teares, after ſome ſad diſaſter,
When he ſees a heaven plac't before him
And aſpires to be ſeated there, then you
May ſtile my love and zeale to vertue
Treaſon: But if not, then pardon me, if
The whiteneſſe of my ſoule does animate
To tell you, 'tis not juſtice to oppoſe what
Fate and heaven decrees.

*King.* Let not your pride ſo farre tranſport you, that
You taxe our juſtice: 'tis not your wither'd
Bayes can protect you from our thunder, if
We pleaſe to ſtrike—Though juſtice cou'd not blame
Him whoſe thoughts aſpire to heaven; yet that
Preſumptuous man, ſhou'd ſtrive to plucke
*Iove* from his throne, to be enſtal'd
A Deity himſelfe, deſerves in a flame of
Lightning to be caſt to Hell, there to amaze
The damned.

*Hon.* Since no arguments can prevaile, take our
Lives, as ſacrifice to your wrath.

*Prin.* And I beſeech you, as you are my father,
To grant me this preferment, to be ſent
Before 'hem: when we are immortall we ſhall
Enjoy more freely; and becauſe I have
Not yet made promiſe of my love, J now
Doe vow———

*King.* Hold——

*Prin.* No; by that dreadfull *Styx*, by which the gods
Ne're ſware, and broke their vow, I love him:
Nor ſhall my heart ever admit a change.

*Cla.* I vow the like to thee.

*Fab.* Then 'twill be mercy if you take our lives.

*Hon.* And ſend us to enjoy each other in *Elizium.*

*King.* No, you ſhall not obtaine that favour: as

My

My hands —— ſtand forth and heare your ſentence.
For thee, thou ſtaine to Princely blood, I doe
Confine to your lodging, on forfeit of your life —
*Callidus* ſhe's your charge; let no private
Meſſages or meetings paſſe betwixt 'hem,
As you reſpect our favour: and for you
*Honorio* and *Fabianus*, we ſentence both
To baniſhment: and if after two dayes
You be ſeene within our Confines, we le
Have you mu'd up, and ſtarv'd to death.
Goe, ſay we are mercifull you ſcapt
So well.

*Clar.* What remaines for me?

*King.* Your Fathers faithful ſervice to us excuſes you.

*Prin.* For Heavens ſake ſir.

*King.* Away, we'll heare no more.

*Prin.* Lets but ſpeake before we part.

*King.* I ſay we'l heare no more.

*Hon.* Oh *Callidus!*

*Cal.* This is no time to talke; ith' morning
Ile procure a private meeting for you.

*Hon.* Oh thou ty'ſt us ever thine: farewell.

*King.* Away with 'hem *Callidus* — you know your
Sentence, and your time. *Exit.*

*Fab.* Come *Honorio*, let us two goe finde
A way to death; no ſalve to cure the mind. *Exeunt omnes.*

# *ACTUS QUARTUS.*

*Enter* Callidus.

*Cal.* I Have promiſed this morning to give
*Honorio* and *Fabianus* accelle toth'
Princeſſe, which favour they eſteeme as flowing
From my friendſhip: which I but doe the more,

To

To keepe my ſelfe ſtill unſuſpected by
The Princeſſe, who being immediate heire
To th' Crowne, might when the King's deceasd
Severely be reveng'd; 'twas about this time
I did appoynt 'hem come.

*Enter* Honorio *and* Fabianus.

They are here already: my Noble frinds,
I attended for you.

*Hon.* How fares the Princeſſe?

*Fab.* And my love?

*Cal.* Alas poore Ladyes almoſt ſpent with ſorrow.

*Hon.* Deare friend, admit us to their ſight.

*Fab.* That we may pay their teares with trebble
Intereſt; which if our eys, (their ſpring being
Dry) cannot afford, our hearts ſhall weepe
Blood, to recompence their ſorrow.

*Cal.* O friends, you know I hazard both my life
And Fortunes in this act: however, Ile not
Faile in what I promiſt: doe but with
Patience here expect a while, Ile bring
Them to you. *Exit.*

*Fab.* Our beſt friend.

*Hon.* O yee gods, why d'yee mock mans frailty
With a ſeeming joy; then ſnatch it from him,
So to prove his ruine; firſt make beleeve
My ſelfe fixt in a heaven of bliſſe, betweene
A true love and a faithfull friend, then to
Be baniſh'd from my love, and cauſe my friend
Performes, but that to which the name doth bind,
(Being truſt and ſecreſie) to be a partner in
My ſad Exile.

*Fab.* Let not a thought of that raiſe trouble in
Thy breaſt: I know it is too narrow to containe
The griefe thy heart already is ſurcharg'd
Withall; and thou wilt wrong the more
Important cauſe, if ſhed a teare for me;
When all thou canſt beſtow will not ſuffice
To equall that pearly treaſure which every

Houre the Princeſſe love cauſes her ſhed
For thee: See the Princeſſe and my love.

*Enter* Princeſſe, *and* Clara, *with* Callidus.

*Prin.* Oh my deareſt!
Let me flye into thy armes.

*Clar. Fabianus!* welcome to my boſome,

*Hon* Upon this lip I will breath out my ſoule,
There leave it a ſurviving Trophy of
My true affection.

*Prin.* Thou ſhalt not leave thy ſoule without the
Subſtance of thy body: ſtay, in this kiſſe
Ile returne it thee agen.

*Hon.* Every conjunction of our lips, does
Propagate a ſoule, which we no ſooner part,
But it is ſtraight deſtroy'd; O let me bathe
Eternally in your boſome, and in a trance
Convey our ſelves into *Elizium*: then we'll
Implore the Deities inhabit, there to ſtay
Our ſpirits from returning backe to theſe
Sad priſons of our hapleſſe bodyes.

*Fab.* Alas my *Clara*, we muſt part; the breath
Of Kings is like the ſentence of the gods,
Not to be avoyded.

*Cla.* Thou ſhalt not go: I will turne wood-Nymph,
And ſhroud my deareſt under a grove of
Myrtle, free from the eye of vigilant
Suſpition; and for thy guard, a thouſand
Satyres, with their upright hornes
Shall ſtand about us, ready to aſſiſt thee
There, being free as our owne thoughts, we'll live
And love, and reſt ſecurely happy.

*Fab.* This thou maiſt fancy, but we nere attain to.

*Cla.* Then Ile accompany my love—
Madam, ſhall we not?

*Prin.* Yes; the *Grecian Argia* cou'd for her husband
*Polynices* body, being dead, travaile alone
To *Thebes* to give him buriall, and ſhall we
Leave our loves living: no, we'll alltogether ſure.

*Hon.*

*Hon.* Alas your love arrives at impoſſibilities.
*Cal.* True, for all paſſages are laid to prevent
Your flight: Madam, perſwade your heart to let
Him goe; it may prove fortunate for all:
The King in time, and by my perſwaſions,
May be drawne to call 'hem from Exile: you
May be ſure what I can doe ſhall ne're
Be wanting—To keep 'hem far enough *Aſide.*
For e're returning.
*Hon.* Oh thou true friend.
*Cal* A very true friend, and you knew all.
*Prin.* Away, he is no friend to you, or me,
To bid me let you goe: *Honorio* thou ſhalt
Not; I will enchaine thee in my armes,
And to thy wriſts faſten manicles of teares
To hold thee.
*Hon.* Alas, this makes each minute but a ſad
Departure.
*Cal.* Beſides, the King will anon be ſtirring, and
Then you'le pluck new vengeance on
Your heads; alas I ſpeak out of ſincere
Affection I.
*Prin.* Peace Screech-Owle, no mans voyce ſeemes
Other, that ſpeaks with an intent to part us.
*Fab.* Madam, ſtrive to ſuppreſſe this paſſion, and
Let patience, the good mans remedy in
Affliction crowne the end of all your ſorrowes.
*Prin.* Oh miſery paſt humane ſufferance.
*Hon.* Thinke not ſo my deareſt; 'tis harder
To conceive, than undergoe. Come *Fabianus*
Let us take our leaves---thus---
*Prin.* Stand off, and come not neare me at this
Diſtance: Ile ſtrengthen my imagination
With thy forme; then when thou art gone
I may retaine thy perfect Idea in my ſight;
Thus——
*Hon.* Alas your paſſion forces you to an extaſie;
Theſe are but fancies urg'd by your height of

Sorrow; collect your ſcatter'd ſences: thus
On your lips I ſeale my hearts contract.
*Prin.* With theſe teares it ſhall be writ—
So bid me not farewell, nor will I you,
Leaſt ſo we ſend a dart to kill each other:
But turne thou ſilent that way———
My griefes ſhall lead me this,
And may my love a happy harbour find.
Theſe teares the Ocean and my ſighes the wind, *Exit.*
*Fab. Clara* we muſt part too the Princeſſe
Has already taught us how: farewell.
*Cla.* Let all ſuch lovers, as are croſt by Fate,
Learne here to mourne at our unhappy ſtate. *Exit.*
*Cal.* Friends 'twere not manly to let my tears
Expreſſe my ſorrow; no, my heart bleeds inward
At this ſad departure: farewell, farewell.
*Hon, & Fab.* Farewell our deareſt friend.
*Cal.* Ha, ha ha. *Exit.*
*Hon.* Oh my ſad heart, whither will the current
Of my griefes tranſport thee? my ſoule
Being fled and left my body, like a
Sepulchrall Statue, fixt here bereft of ſence,
Onely knowing how to mourne; me thinks
The fabricke of the earth ſhould tremble,
The heavens be clouded in a vaile of ſables,
And weep it ſelfe in ſhoures upon the earth;
The Sunne goe ſhroud it ſelfe beneath the lower
World, never to riſe againe; but cauſe an
Univerſall darkneſſe o're the earth, where
Men ſhall ſit mourning our ſad departure:
What can be left for two, ſo much diſtreſs'd,
But death, the period of each mans affliction;
That moſt unkindly flyes thoſe whoſe griefes
Wou'd entertaine him; and ſurely ſtrikes there:
(Where but nam'd) they ſtartle? — Friend, why
Doe we ſtand, as if we grew fixt here,
And cou'd not move.
*Fab.* Can he which beares a burthen, wou'd eraeke

The Poles of heaven, to ſuſtaine the weight, move
To, and fro, bearing that load about him?
*Hon.* I muſt acknowledge you a cauſe of ſorrow
Wou'd force the Genius of the world into
A frenzie; yet mine's as great, 'cauſe 'tis
For me you ſuffer; but we, that like well-
Fenced Bulwarks, have together ſtood the
Shock of warre, when loud-mouth'd Canons
Breath'd deſtruction to an army ſhou'd
Scorne to fall as combatants in the Campe
Of love: no, lets with courage goe
Bravely on to meet our Fate; hope has
Not quite forſook us; as we paſſe I will
Relate ſomewhat may concerne us both——

*Enter* Philomuſus.

*Phil.* My Noble friends! whither now? no object
But the earth, what Cloud is this ſpread o're your
Face, that dimmes the wonted luſtre of your
Eyes? by all that's Noble let me know, or
Ile repent I ere was nam'd your friend.
*Fab.* Doe not conjure us by ſo ſtrict a charme,
We ſhall but make you miſerable.
*Phil.* There's not that act, except it decline from
Honour, has power to make me poorer in
A thought.
*Fab.* Then know we two are baniſhed.
*Phil.* Baniſhed! why Ile be baniſh'd too then.
*Hon.* O no; ſtay you, and be happy in your
Prince his love.
*Phil.* I will not ſtay— ſay, what's the cauſe?
*Hon.* If you will with us, as I goe I ſhall relate
The ſtory; but you muſt in diſguiſe; or
You'l be ſtay'd; and you ſhall find ere long,
I had little cauſe to feare being baniſhed:
But ſince we muſt from our beſt retreat,
Let Paſſive valour be as th'Active, great. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter* Pupillus, Mercutio, Plod, *and* Fled-wit.

*Pup.* Pray Gentlemen, were you inſpired, as you ſay I muſt bee, before you came to be a Courtier, and a Wit?

*Mer.* No queſtion.

*Pup.* And d'ee thinke 'tis poſſible for me to be made one too?

*Mer.* I tell you ſir, before theſe gentlemen your friends, and mine, Ile undertake to furniſh you with as much wit as ſhall ſerve for a Country Juſtice, or an Aldermans heire.

*Pup.* Why that's enough.

*Mer.* But then you muſt be confident of its operation, part freely with any thing that ſhall be requeſted of you in the act; not as an Uſurer payes Subſidies, grudgingly.

*Pap.* No, no, I ſcorne it.

*Mer.* Had it not beene pitty, one of your eſtate and Fortune ſhou'd have knowne no recreation, but going a mile out of town, with a company of Cod ſheads, to be drunke with Creame and Stewd-Pruines.

*Pup.* O they are delicate with Roſe-water and Sugar.

*Mer.* Poxe on't, Bawdy-houſe fare: No, after your inſpiration you may revell with this Lady, diſcourſe with that Lady, and what you will with the third Lady.

*Pup.* Oh I am almoſt inſpired at the conceit on it: pray let be done, while I am in the aſpiring fit.

*Mer.* It ſhall ſir — Doe you heare *Tom*, goe and prepare *Flavia* for the project, and bring thoſe properties we agreed on.

*Plod.* Say no more. *Exit.*

*Pup.* Whither doe you ſend him?

*Mer.* To an Antiquaries ſtudy; for ſtrange properties to perform the Ceremonies requiſite at inſpiration: for we muſt uſe Invocations, Incantations, Conjurations, Imprecations, and all for the rare effect of Inſpiration.

*Pup.* Bleſſe me, doe you begin to conjure already?

*Fled.* No, he tells you but what he muſt doe.

*Pup.* But harke you; pray d'ee deale with honeſt, faire conditioned Devills?

*Mer.* O blemiſh to our ſacred Magicke ——— Devills!

*Pup.* O no, pray Sir.

*Mer.*

*Mer.* That thought's enough to ruine all the fabricke of our hopes.

*Pup.* Good ſir, Ile never thinke while I live agen.

*Mer.* I tell you ſir, we muſt invoake the Celeſtiall Deities— We may beginne the Act, none but the bright *Minerva* can confirme it

*Pup.* And will ſhe come at your call.

*Mer.* Yes, yes, if you performe quietly what we deſire.

*Pup.* Oh moſt obedient Goddeſſe.

*Enter* Plod *with a Boxe, in which are little pieces of paper rold up: A Table ſet forth.*

*Mer.* Are you come? 'tis well: Is *Flavia* ready?

*Plod.* Onely waits her Cue

*Mer.* Look you ſir, you ſee theſe papers.

*Pup.* I, whence came they; from the Lottery?

*Mer.* No ſir, they are certaine Collections out of learned and witty Authors, for all humours in an accompliſhed wit. Now ſir, you muſt eate every one of hem one by one.

*Pup.* How, eate 'hem?

*Mer.* I eate 'hem, and you ſhall find they will produce effects as various, as the qualities or conditions out of whom they were collected: now therefore off with your Hat and Cloake, kneele downe with a ſtrong beliefe, imagination, and attention—you two ſtand to keepe him in that equall poſture I ſhall ſet him; ſo, now firſt with a Scholaſtique Inſpiration: ſomewhat of a hard digeſtion, as—

"*Dulcia non meruit qui non guſtavit amara.*

*Pup.* O 'twill never downe, I ſhall be choakt with it.

*Mer.* My life Sir we'll helpe it downe---here---ſo---feare not, I warrant you---is it downe?

*Pup.* Almoſt---ſo, *Mer.* How is it ſir?

*Pup.* O 'twas ſo ſweete at firſt, and ſo abhominable bitter at the laſt----

*Mer* Why there you reliſh the conceit ſir: for the interpretation of it is; Hee deſerves not ſweete, that has not taſted bitter.

*Pup.* I have tasted a bitter one; now pray let the next be a sweet one.

*Mer.* According as we see this work: 'thas a present operation—How doe you feele your selfe inclin'd?

*Pup.* Oh I cou'd quarrell about the Etymologie of words, fight about Syllables, and Orthography, chop Logique with my Father, Write Tragedies and Comedies by the grosse: and my fingers itch at an Hen-roost.

*Mer.* 'Thas wrought bravely, the direct symptomes of an University wit: now for the inspiration of a confident Poeticall wit.

*Pup.* Pray pick out the hard words, if there be any.

*Mer.* There's none in this—you shall heare it.

"This from our Author I was bid to say,
"By *Iove* 'tis good; and if you lik't you may.

*Pup.* Ile tell you how I like it presently.

*Mer.* Come sir, downe with it—

*Fled.* So, this past with ease—

*Mer.* How doe you find your selfe affected now?

*Pup.* Oh that I were in a Play-house—I would tell the whole Audience of their pittifull, Hereticall, Criticall humours—Let a man, striving to enrich his labours, make himselfe as poore as a broken Citizen, that dares not so much as shew the tips on's Hornes: yet will these people crye it downe, they know not why: One loves high language, though he understands it not; another whats obscæne, to move the blood, not spleene: a third, whose wit lyes all in his gall, must have a Satyre: a fourth man all ridiculous: and the fift man not knowing what to have, grounds his opinion on the next man ith' formall Ruffe; and so many heads, so many severall humours; and yet the poor Poet must find waies to please 'hem all.

*Mer.* It workes strangely.

*Pup.* But when they shal come to feed on the Offalls of wit, have nothing for their money but a Drumme, a Fooles Coat, and Gunpowder; see Comedies, more ridiculous than a Morrice dance; and for their Tragedies, a bout at Cudgells were a brave Battalia to 'hem: Oh *Phœbus*, *Phœbus*, what will this world come to?

*Mer.* 'Fore *Iove*, it has wrought most strangely—Tis well here we're none but friends—how doe you sir?

*Pup.*

*Pup.* Ah! pretty, pretty, ſure I have talked extravagantly, Gentlemen have I not?

*Mer.* I indeed have you; 'tis of a delicate operation: Now ſir, you ſhall have a valiant inſpiration to confront your enemy, or rivall in your Miſtreſſes favour——In this paper is the expiring breath of a great warriour, the laſt words he utter'd.

„ ——— ——— Farewell light,
„ Tis fit the world ſhould weare eternall night.

*Pup.* Why this will kill me ſure.

*Mer.* No, hold him faſt—tis of a ſtrong operation—So, chew it well, feare nothing——Now it is downe: how is't?

*He breakes violently from them.*

*Pup.* Let me goe, let me goe, the world's too narrow to confine me: Ile mount the skies, ſnatch *Ioves* three-fold lightning from his hand, dart it at the World, and reduc't againe to its firſt deſolate Chaos, drye up the Sea with fire of my rage, and puffe mens ſoules away.

*Mer.* We muſt change this humour: Ile now beleeve a ſtrong imagination's witch-craft: force downe another; read it firſt: What is't? hold him faſt.

*Fled.* "Enter theſe Armes, and ſince thou thoughtſt it beſt,
"Not to dreame all my dreame, lets act the reſt.

*Mer.* A fit one, a wanton lovers rapture: give it him, thruſt it downe: So, he begins to yield; how is't.

*Pup.* O what have you gi'n me now?

*Mer,* One'y to inſpire you with a wanton art to winne your Miſtris.

*Pup.* 'Tis wonderfull provocative, believe me: ſure it came out of *Ovids-Ars-Amandi*: oh for the book of *Venus* and *Adonis*, to Court my Miſtris by: I cou'd dye. I cou'd dye in the *Eli-zi-um* of her Armes: no ſweets to thoſe of Love; O Love, love, thy flames will burne me up to duſt and aſhes.

*Mer.* We muſt quench your flames——
Pinch him hard.

*Pup.* Oh——

*Mer.* Harder yet.

*Pup.* Oh——
What doe you doe? what doe you? Alas all's downe againe;

I am..

I am as cold as a Cucumber.

*Mer* So, I beleeve you are ſufficiently prepared:
Now we will invoke the goddeſſe *Minerva*— k neele,
Downe with your face to the weſt: harken with
Attention to what ſhe ſhall ſay or requeſt, and be ſure to performe it ——So, 'tis well.

*Pup.* Does ſhe come yet?

*Fled.* No, no, he muſt invoak firſt.

*Mer.* Thou ſacred goddeſſe of *Joves* brave begot, *walk round about him.*
Deſcend to earth, and here make faſt the knot
We humble Mortalls have begunne to tye,
And we'll adore thy glorious Deity.

*Pup.* O me, O.

*Soft Muſick. Enter* Flavia *dreſt like* Minerva *with a Violl of Water.*

*Fla.* Who calls *Minerva* from the Starry Court?

*Pup.* Oh 'twas he Lady.

*Fla.* We know the full effects of your deſire,
It is this noble youth with wit t'inſpire:
Then downe his throat this ſacred drinke compell,
Tis ſalt, and water from the Muſes well.

*Pup.* Paugh.

*Fla.* Now let him offer gold to our diſpoſe,
And all's confirm'd with this one pluck by th'noſe.

*Pup.* O me——

*Mer.* What gold have you about you——quickly, quickly.

*Pup.* Onely twenty peeces in my fob.

*Mer.* Diſ-fob 'em quickly, and preſent 'hem.

*Pup.* Pleaſe you Madam, here's forty Angels to wait on your Lady-ſhip to heaven agen.

*Fla.* We doe accept 'hem—ſo live ever bleſt:
I muſt aſcend to my *Ætheriall* reſt. *Exit.*

*Mer.* So, riſe up, all's done: now be confident, and you ſhall prove a Wit—all.

*Pup.* But harke you gentlemen: pray what does ſhe doe with money?

*Mer.* Releeves poore Poets, that eats Oads,
And Madrigalls: Come lets to the next Taverne, and drinke her health.

*Pup.*

*Pup.* Come then——Nay now I am inſpir'd,
I will doe things ſhall make me be admir'd.
*Mer.* There's a touch of his Poeticall inſpiration, *Exeunt.*

*Enter* King, Princeſſe, Clara, Marania, Moronzo, *and* Callidus.

*King.* Is *Honorio* and *Fabianus* ſhipt and gone?
*Cal.* They are my Liege.
*King* Tis well: methinkes the aire ſeems purer ſince
They both departed: ſure if they had ſtay'd
Their trechrous breath wou'd have infected
My whole Kingdome—But thou, degenerate from
All Princely blood, ſtill mourneſt their abſence,
And with effeminate teares wou'dſt move
My pitty to call 'hem from Exile: no,
Sooner ſhalt thou call backe Time, than move
A thought in me ſhall yield to't.
*Clar.* Deare Father move the King.
*King.* Ile blaſt him dumbe that names 'hem.
*Cal.* No hope, you ſee the King's reſolv'd—My Liege
The Lord *Philomuſus* is ſecretly ſtolne away
With them in diſguiſe.
*King.* Torture to my ſoule, it cannot be.
*Cal.* I can aſſure your Majeſty 'tis ſo.
*King.* Oh where's that Subject that a King dares love?
*Philomuſus* gone——
*Prin.* Oh my *Honorio.*
*King.* Leave this ſullen humour *Dulcimenta,*
Or by juſt heavens I will diſclaime you mine;
Though youth and errour lead you to a fault,
(Which I may ſtudy to forget, upon conformance
Of your will with mine) will you purſue
The cauſe, and peeviſhly conſume your ſelfe
In teares, for him whom the gods themſelves
Doe hate, for ſpotted treaſon 'gainſt your Fathers
Perſon; it cou'd be no leſſe when he attempted
To match the Kingdomes heire—goe to, raiſe
Not my fury to that height, which if it fall,

Shall crush you to your ruine.

*Prin* Sir, thinke not a disobedient passion guides
My will to love or hate, contrary to your
Mind; but since 'tis so, heaven has it selfe decree'd.

*Kin.* Away, taxe not the heavens with what's unjust
They ne're decreed the blood of Kings should
Mixe with Traytors.

*Prin.* Sir, they were no Traytors.

*King.* Tis well, defend hem still.

*Prin.* No, their innocence will do't.

*King.* Very good; I perceive from whence this
Springs; your company with *Clara* feeds this
Rebellious spirit, does it? I have an easie cure for that:
*Moronzo* keepe your daughters to you; there's
Neither of hem we'le admit to attend her, since
Favour is abus'd, we can restrain it.

*Mor.* Their lives and mine are prostrate to your will.
Come daughters--

*Cla.* Stay: Sir has tyrannie usurpt the seat of
Mercy in your royall breast: if so, let death
Part us, and so end our woes.

*Prin.* I doe beseech you, as you are my Father,
By your wonted love to me, or whatsoe're
You hold more deare, bereave me not both of
My love and friend together; this cruelty
Exceeds the former; lover is a name may
Be in time dispenc'd with; but a friend, oh,
A true friend, heaven knowes not a happinesse
Beyond it: deare sir, by my dead mothers ashes,
Which were you neare, wou'd (in imitation of
Those amorous twines which did inchaine
Your hearts) flye up, and hang about you,
Gently to chide this most unnaturall act:
Which, because distance of place denyes it,
Send but to know, and you shall heare
The Marble Tombe weeps at this disaster.

*King.* The remembrance of her dead mother
Wou'd stir my pitty, shou'd I not resist it:
I must suddenly *Callidus*, convey our

Daughter

Daughter to her lodging; we'll appoynt
Some other Ladies to attend her.

*Cal.* No more, we are resolv'd: *Moronzo*
Performe what we command.

*Mor.* I shall my Liege: come daughters.

*King.* Lead on. *Ex. severally.*

# *ACTUS QUINTUS.*

*Enter* Mercutio, Pupillus, Fled-wit, Plod, *and* Flavia.

*Pup.* HOw? and how stands the businesse?

*Fla.* Nay, you know best.

*Pup.* Perceive you not an alteration, or transmutation in my outward person?

*Fla.* Me thinks your words fall off your tongue with a more becomming grace.

*Pup.* Thinke so: be wise and catch 'hem as they fall: they may inspire you.

*Fla.* You are strangely metamorphos'd since I saw you.

*Pup.* *Mutor pro temporum ratione*, as the learned say.

*Mer.* That's the fruit of his Scholastique inspiration.

*Pup.* O Lady, if your heart be stone, I wou'd 'twere broke.

*Fled.* I have heard men wish their Mistris heart wounded, never broke.

*Pup.* Pshew, my love is not like other mens, that will whine and crye, looke pale, and weare night-caps: no, my love is a bouncing love, and makes no more of cracking a Ladyes heart, than a Squirrell of a Nut.

*Mer.* A notable crack.

*Pup.* For harke you a word in your eare (I wou'd not have these Gentlemen know it) I am inspired.

*Fla.* Now by *Diana* is it true?

*Pup.* I have ſed it, be wiſe and have me.

*Fla.* O you men have ſuch ſtrange wayes to play upon poore women.

*Pup.* Nay, there's but one way I'de play upon you.

*Fla.* And will diſſemble moſt egregiouſly.

*Pup.* Who I diſſemble? why theſe Gentlemen will ſweare all my acts are ſimple.

*Fled.* Nay Lady, I know he has not a thought but what is meerly innocent.

*Pup.* If you'll but marry me, there is not that deſire, or inclination, which you ſhall have; but I will ſtrive with my beſt part to ſatisfie: what wou'd you more?

*Fla.* I muſt confeſſe you promiſe faire.

*Pup.* And will performe as well.

*Fla.* Alas my Virgin feares bid me I ſhou'd not yield.

*Mer.* A poxe of your Virginity.

*Fla.* I know not what to doe.

*Pup.* Come, I know what to doe, and you'le ſay but I once.

*Mer.* Madam, it can be no blemiſh to your modeſt
Vertue, to yield your love at firſt to one, whoſe
Worth and fortunes equall yours.

*Fla.* Why then I wholly yield me yours.

*Pup.* That's well ſaid; this kiſſe in earneſt; come, we'll not ſtand long upon the buſineſſe, but bee marryed preſently: I muſt provide Ribbond for all the Courtiers.

*Mer.* You may ſave that coſt; their hats are ſo ſtuff'd with Ribbons already, they'll finde no roome to weare 'hem.

*Pup.* Poxe 'tis a French faſhion:
I warrant there are ſome wou'd change their very faces with a French man to be a *la mode*, but come, you two ſhal lead the Bride, and you ſhall give her.

*Mer.* You ſhall command us.

*Pup,* Soe, ſoe.
*Hymen!* O *Hymen* ſnuffe thy torch and ſee
A paire of Lovers, leads their way to me. *Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter* Princeſſe *and* Lady.

*Prin.* Whither is compaſſion fled, that ſhould
Inhabit in the breaſts of men, and make
Diſtinction 'twixt their knowing ſoules, and
Senceleſſe cruelty of ſavage beaſts, guided
By their wills to ruine, not reaſon, how, or whom;
When he that beares the title of a King,
And Father, can nor find mercy in the one,
Nor love ith' other: oh you ſad lovers that are
Croſt by Fortune, and your Parents hate, come
Pay your floods of teares, as tribute
To my ſorrow.

*Lad.* Madam be pleas'd to retire and repoſe your
Selfe; ſorrow and want of reſt muſt needs impaire
Your health: thinke not becauſe ſhe, whom
You pleaſe to honour with the name of friend,
Is taken from you, that none is left true
And faithfull to attend you; yes, I am one,
Though young in ſervice to you, would (if made
Happy ith' triall) embrace a danger, to
Aſſure your quiet.

*Prin.* Can this be reall?

*Lad.* Yes, as your griefes are true.

*Prin.* Is there one left faithfull to attend me
Now my *Clara's* gone? If ſo, prethee
Conduct me to ſome gloomy vale,
Wrapt with unpleaſant ſhades of Yew
And Cypres, ſprung up from lovers graves:
On which the croaking Raven, with other Birds
Of night may ſit and hollow ſad accents;
Such as may fitly ſimpathize with mourning:
A murmuring brooke of wronged Virgins teares,
That may glide ſoftly by, and receive mine,
To augment their ſtreames: a bed of Moſſe,
Gather'd from Vaults and Charnells, where
The dead inhabit, to repoſe us on, there

Thou and I will ſit and feed on ſorrow,
That ſhall feede on us, and when we
Both are dead, ſome diſtracted Muſe fled
To thoſe groves, ſhall in an uncouth
Tone ſing our ſad Requiems.

*Lad.* I was plac'd by your father, in hope I might
Have remov'd this paſſion; but your diſcourſe
Makes me an object rather to incite you mourne,
Then otherwiſe: let me intreate your highneſſe ſit
And repoſe your ſelfe: Ile trye my voyce to charme
Your eyes and heart with pleaſing ſlumbers.

*Prin.* Moſt willingly, ſome reſt in ſorrow will do
Well—Begin.

*Song.*

*CHarme, oh charme, thou god of ſleep,*
*Her faire eyes, that waking mourne;*
*Frightfull viſions from her keep,*
*Such as are by ſorrowes borne:*
*But let all the ſweets that may*
*Wait on reſt, her thoughts obey.*

*Flye: oh flye, thou god of love,*
*To that breaſt thy dart did wound,*
*Draw thy ſhaft, the ſmart remove,*
*Let her wonted joyes be found:*
*Raiſe up pleaſure to a flood,*
*Never ebbing; new joyes bud.*

So my Charmes have tooke, poore Lady
She has not enjoy'd ſo much quiet reſt,
Since *Honorio* and *Fabianus* left
The Court. *Enter* Callidus.
Who's that?

*Cal.* 'Tis I Lady: How fares the Princeſſe?

*Lad.* Speak lower, ſhe's aſleep.

*Cal.* Good heaven be prais'd, ſhe may in time

For-

Forget her griefes.

*Lad.* Not till the King forget his cruelty :
I dare not ſay the name of King gives
It a more modeſt title.

*Cal.* I muſt confeſſe, 'tis little leſſe—but Subjects
Muſt not ſee, much leſſe ſay, what miſ-becomes
Their Prince ; 'tis enough we performe what they
Command, not queſtion why.

*Prin.* Oh my *Clara:* oh my *Honorio.*

*Lad.* Shee wakes.

*Prin.* Who's that *Callidus ?*

*Cal.* Yes Madam, the King commanded me to give
Your Highneſſe notice, laſt night Embaſſadours
Came from *Portingall* to *Naples*, and the King
Hath already given them both audience and
Their anſwer, and they are making a ſpeedy
Returne backe from whence they came, the
Reaſon of their comming or buſineſſe I underſtand
Not : but 'tis his Majeſties pleaſure you inſtantly
Repaire to him.

*Prin.* More corraſive : well, my duty binds me
To awaite his pleaſure.

*Cal.* I ſhall attend your highneſſe.

*Prin.* My ſad ſoule preſages ſome new affliction.

*Lad.* Take comfort gracious Madam.

*Prin.* There is no reſt I ever hope to have,
Till heaven decrees I reſt within my grave. *Ex. omn.*

*Enter* King, Moronzo, *and others.*

*King.* My Lords, what think you of the match
Betwixt the Prince of *Portingall*, and our daughter ?

*Mor.* Without queſtion my Liege, 'twill prove
Fortunate for both, if the Princeſſe
Can be drawne to affect him.

*King.* I make no queſtion but to winne her to't :
Are the Ambaſſadours return'd for *Portingall ?*

*Mor.* They are my Liege.

*King.*

*King.* Tis well, we expect his arrivall ſuddainly:
*Moronzo*, let it be your charge to ſee all things
Correſpond ſo great an entertainment —
Where's *Callidus*? we ſent him to attend
Our daughter hither.

*Enter* Princeſſe, Callidus, *and* Lady.

*Mor.* They are here my Liege.
*King.* What mourning!
This habit ill becomes you, knowing it contradicts
Our will.
*Prin.* Pardon me ſir, it beſt ſutes my thoughts,
*King.* It beſt ſutes the blackneſſe of your diſobedience.
*Prin.* Sir, name but that thing, reſts in my power to
Divert your anger, my duty ſhall lend me wings,
On which Ile flye to act.
*King.* Your ſpeeches are but aire, there's no performance:
You inſult too much upon the ſoftneſſe of my temper:
But heare me now with that attention thou
Wou'dſt an Oracle, pronouncing of thy fate,
What my will decrees.
*Prin.* If death, I ſhall embrace it.
*King.* Then briefly thus, *Portingalls* great King
Our late enemy, Fame reporting what
Thou leaſt deſerv'ſt, vertue and obedience,
Has by Embaſſadours, 'twixt you, our Kingdomes
Heire, and his ſonne, treated of a match;
Whereof (becauſe 'twill be a meanes to unite
Our Kingdomes, which have beene long at variance)
We have accepted, and return'd this anſwer,
That if he pleaſe in perſon to come for you,
He ſhou'd enjoy you.
*Prin.* O my Prophetique ſoule!
*Cal.* This will make ſure for ever againſt *Honorio*
And *Fabianus*.
*King.* Thinke but the danger will enſue, if you refuſe:
Firſt, to mock th[illegible]pectation of a King
Can bring no leſſe than warre upon our
Now peacefull Kingdome: next, the ſhame

Of forraigne nations : and laſtly, my curſe
Purſues thee to thy grave, if thou refuſe :
Thinke on't, theres no delay, the Prince will with
Speed be here, and claime our promiſe :
Therefore let your face beare ſmiles, to expreſſe
His welcome ; if your obedience will prompt you
To doe this, you ſhall, beſides the height of
Happineſſe in ſo bleſt an union, enjoy againe
The company of *Clara*, the freedome of
A Queene, and all the pleaſures earth can beſtow.
*Prin.* And all wil prove but torment without *Honorio*.
*Cal.* She's ith' ſame note ſtill.
*Kin.* *Dulcimenta*, you know our will,
Which if not perform'd,
By all my hopes, I ſweare thy Fates decree'd,
My curſe purſues thy ſoule, thy heart ſhall bleed.
*Prin.* Every houre creates but a new torment.
Was ever cruelty like this? is't not enough
To baniſh him I love, but force my affection
On another? rob me of my bliſſe, and not
Afford me quietly to mourne : in what
A ſtrange Dilemma is my ſoule perplext?
Death I meet, whether I refuſe or yield :
Which of thoſe two inſtruct me Love ;
If I yield, 'twill be a death Mortality,
Knowes not to ſuſtaine ; becauſe to live
With one I cannot love : if deny, 'twill
Be an eaſier death ; but then a curſe
Will make my paines eternall : ſay I
Avoyd the curſe, and match this forraine Prince,
The curſe of Lovers will purſue me
For the breach of faith :
On then, I am reſolv'd, I le rather dye,
Curs'd for my faith, than for inconſtancy. *Exeunt.*

*Exit* King, *cum aliis*, *man.* Prin. *and* Lady.

*Enter* Mercutio, Plod, Fled-wit, *and* Flavia.

*Mer.* Ha, ha, ha, he's as foxt within, as a Conſtable by mid-night:

Thou haſt him ſure wench now.

*Fled.* As faſt as the Parſons tongue, and
Their conſents could bind 'hem.

*Mer.* Now thou muſt remember thy Benefactors in the dayes of thy proſperity.

*Plod.* We ſhall ſhare I hope in your good fortunes.

*Fled.* Even all alike.

*Mer.* That's well ſaid.

*Fla.* De'e heare gentlemen, you have draind him pretty well already, bin paid for your labours— Beleeve it, you have all you are like to have of him, or me.

*Mer.* Come, thou doſt but jeſt wench.

*Fla.* You ſhall finde I ſpeak in very good earneſt:
If a ſupper, and a ſack poſſet can content you, you ſhal be welcome; for any other matter, you ſee the intereſt you are like to have of him or me.

*Mer.* Canſt thou ſo wickedly forget thy friends?

*Fla.* No ſir, 'twill prove vertue.

*Mer.* Canſt thou name that thing cal'd vertue?

*Fla.* Yes ſir, and will learne to practice it.

*Mer.* The devill thou canſt.

*Fla.* Patience ſir, in this caſe, will prove your beſt
Remedy: You have my reſolution Gentlemen,
And ſo farewell. *Exit.*

*Mer.* Poxe goe wi' you, and all the diſſembling generation of you——Now Gentlemen where's our dinners, ſack, and wenches; our mid-night revells, and what not?

*Fled.* Guld by a woman: now the curſe of an inſatiate deſire purſue 'hem all.

*Plod.* Lets home, and ſtudy miſchiefe.

*Mer.* No faith, lets learne to live better,
And goe ſober to bed.

*Fled.* That we ſhall never doe. *Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter* King, Moronzo, Callidus, *with Attendants, at one ſide of the Stage, a Lord diſguiſed, as Prince of* Portingall, Honorio, Fabianus, Philomuſus *diſguiſed as Attendants at the other.*

*King.* Ceaſe Muſicke.
Welcome great Prince to *Naples*, and ſo
Are all about you. *A ſhout.*
*Cal.* The people ſecond it with acclamations of their joy.
*Lord.* The bounty of your Kingly love tranſcends our
Expectation or deſert.
*King.* Our power attaines not the performance of our will.
*Lord.* If you ſtrive to out-vye friendly expreſſions,
My ſtocke of language will not extend to ſee't.
*King.* I have.
*Lord.* Great ſir, how fares your Princely daughter,
Whom Fame reports fitter to conſort with
Angels, than to match Mortality.
*King.* You'll find fame has beene too laviſh ſir——
Call forth our daughter.

*Enter* Princeſſe, Clara, Marania, *and* Lady.

*Lord.* Thus *Aurora* bluſhing proclaimes the day.
*Prin.* Ah me!
*Lord.* Why ſigh you Lady?
*Prin.* To think a Prince ſhou'd come to ſue
For what I cannot grant.
*Lord.* How's this? is her affection plac't elſe where?
*King.* Were it ſo, no doubt you have Oratory ſufficient
To divert it.
*Lord.* I did beleeve you had before we came prepar'd
Her heart to give us entertainment.
*King.* I did; and thought your preſence would have
Remov'd all obſtacles to hinder your enjoying——
Away thou ſcorne of time.

*Lord.* This ſtrange and unexpected —— Your patience Sir,
Ile trye my fate ——— Lady it ſhould ſeeme you
Have already diſpos'd your love: Ile not diſpute the
Worth of him you have pleas'd to make ſo happy:
But behold I bring a heart, fraught with as true
Affection, as ever man could boaſt; a title too
That may deſerve you: refuſe me not, 'twas fame
Firſt tooke my eare, your beauty now my heart.
*Prin.* Wou'd I had leſſe of both, ſince both prove ſo unhappy.
*Lord.* 'Tis you make 'hem ſo; demoliſh not with ſorrow
Such a beauty, as were enough for all your ſexe,
And make 'hem proud to know 'twas part of yours.
*Prin.* Retaine this language for thoſe whoſe height
Of love can meete your flame; tis vainly
Beſtow'd on me; my heart's already fixt.
*King.* Let me rip out that heart, the Cabinet
Of rebellious thoughts.
*Lord.* Good ſir, give not ſo much ſcope to fury.
*Prin.* To take all cauſe of further ſute away,
Receive my ſtory and reſolves in one:
Then let him ſacrifice my heart to love,
And I ſhall live triumphant after death,
Dying that cauſes Martyr, however,
Great Prince, deeme not a Ladyes worth impair'd,
When I declare I lov'd beneath my birth.
My father, at his returne from warre,
And bright Conqueſt ſhining on his ſword,
Brought with him one, whom he himſelfe
Eſteem'd the mirrour of valour, and heroicke acts;
His name *Honorio*, whoſe deſcent unnam'd,
None knew from whence, except the child of Fame:
That *Noble Stranger's* merit wonne my heart,
And ſo we two grew of one faith, one mind,
Till adverſe fortune envying our bliſſe,
We were betray'd; he baniſh'd from me,
And I alone left to deplore my fate:
Now let all know, by heaven's I'me fixt, nere
To enjoy another.

*Hon.*

*Hon.* Excellent Lady! I take you at your word; *discovers.*
And thus receive your onely true *Honorio.*
*Prin.* Ha! where?
*Lord.* So, I must resigne.
*Hon.* Here in me.
*King.* How's this!
*Hon.* For firmer proofe, see *Fabianus* here. Fab. *discovers,*
*King.* Amazement seazes me.
*Fab.* Thus I bring home a true love to my *Clara,*
A loyall Subject to my Prince.
*Cla.* My deareſt love.
*Prin.* Oh are theſe joyes eſſentiall?
*King.* Our Guard there, off with their heads: doe you mocke
Our fury with impoſtures?
*Cal.* They deſerve your utmoſt rage.
*Hon.* How—Stay your fury till you have a cauſe.
*Prin.* May I beleeve this happineſſe?
*Hon.* Tis a truth as reall as we thus embrace.
*Cla.* Oh *Fabianus* live I to enjoy thy love!
*Fab.* Thou doſt; on thy lip I doe confirme my bliſſe.
*King.* Are not you that ſame *Honorio*, whom
I exild with *Fabianus* there?
*Hon.* Yes.
*King.* And dare you ſet foote upon our Confines
After ſuch a Cenſure?
*Hon.* Yes, but not as *Honorio* onely; but as Prince
Of *Portingall.*
*King.* How, you Prince of *Portingall?*
*Hon.* As ſure as you are King of *Naples.*
*King.* It cannot be.
*Hon.* By Circumſtance Ile mak't appeare:
The fame of this bleſt Lady, ſpred through
My Fathers Court, wing'd my deſires to view
So much perfection; which made me take
Occaſion of your preſent warre, to inſinuate
My ſelfe in favour of you and of the Court,
But durſt not preſume diſcovery, by reaſon of
The unhappy difference 'twixt our Kingdomes,

(The cauſe whereof has beene related) then at the height
Of happineſſe, ſome envious fate poſſeſs'd you
With the knowledge of our loves, ſo baniſh us:
In whoſe ſuppoſed Exile, this noble Lord became a
Willing partner, and I bare him with me
To my Fathers Court; which that 'tis truth
He's able to enforme you. *Philomuſus diſcovers.*

*Phil.* Sir, upon the ſafety of my life he ſpeaks all truth.

*King.* Doſt thou confirme it *Philomuſus*?
Then 'twere ſinne to beare the leaſt ſuſpition;
Be neare us, thou deſerv'ſt more honour than
We can beſtow—Pardon great Prince the
Severity of our anger 'gainſt your perſon
When you were unknowne: but in requitall,
Here receive our daughter, with free conſent,
And prayers to proſper both.

*Mor. Fabianus* and *Clara*, I thus joyne your hands.
Heavens ſend you joy.

*King.* Oh *Callidus*, thou wert the inſtigator of my Anger.

*Cal.* So, all will out I ſee.

*Mar.* How?

*Hon.* Who *Callidus*?

*Fab.* What our friend?

*King.* Plainly I now perceive he cloathed his ſpight
Under pretence of duty.

*Cal.* Pardon I crave, I doe confeſſe I gave too great
A ſcope to envy and ambition, that a ſtranger
Should ſo much deſerve your royall—And then
A hope to obtaine thoſe honours ſhould be took
From him.

*Mar.* Gracious Soveraigne, I beg his puniſhment
May be refer'd to me.

*King.* Be it ſo.

*Cal.* Then I expect mercy; for you love ———

*Mar.* I did, before you prov'd falſe to the name
Of friend; but now reſolve never to wed you:
And 'cauſe I le not torment you to ſee another
Poſſeſſe my love, and for ever to keep my ſelfe

From

From ſolicitation, call forth a Prieſt of *Veſta*.

*Cal.* What will my deareſt doe? *Enter Prieſt.*

*Mar.* Thus vow my ſelfe a Recluſe.

*Mor.* I am happy in ſo bleſt a Child.

*Omnes.* The mirrour of her Sexe.

*King.* Then *Callidus* away, and learne to amend hereafter.

*Cal.* O *Marania* thou art cruell—Your Majeſty hath Shewne me mercy; I obey. *Exit.*

*King.* Now ſet forward toward *Hymens* Temple,
To confirme theſe Nuptialls; and
Let all ſtile it, that ſhall heare this ſtory,
*The Noble Stranger*, or eclipſed glory. *Exeunt.*

# Epilogue.

*OUr Author knowing Fortitude's approv'd,*
*When dangers threaten, if it ſtand unmov'd:*
*He, without feare, freely preſents his cauſe*
*To you, for condemnation, or applauſe.*
*Reſerve ſeverer doomes, for ſuch as dare*
*Boaſt their owne worth, he cannot feare or eare:*
*Miſtake him not, he vowes he is as cleare*
*From bold preſumption, as he is from feare.*
*And if his* Stranger *has gain'd liking we' yee.*
*Faith then ſhake hands, and bid him welcome te' yee.*

*FINIS.*